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Drawing by Sgt. Howard Brodie, Yank Staff Artist, Germany.

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This Week

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Articles

PAGE

SOLDIERS AND WAR BOOKS
By Sgt. Walter Bernstein..... 9

JOHN STEINBECK WILL GET YOU IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT
By Sgt. W. F. Cody.....18

SPORTS, BOOKS, AND THE WAR
By Cpl. Tom Shehan.....44

Reviews

TOM PAINE: AMERICA'S GODFATHER
By W. E. Woodward
Reviewed by Sgt. Durbin L. Horner.....12

MY BROTHER AMERICANS
By Carlos P. Romulo
Reviewed by Sgt. H. N. Oliphant.....13

WOODROW WILSON AND THE PEOPLE
By H. C. F. Bell

WOODROW WILSON: SELECTIONS FOR TODAY
By Arthur B. Tourtellot
Reviewed by Cpl. George Barrett.....14

A. WOOLLCOTT: HIS LIFE AND HIS WORLD
By Samuel Hopkins Adams
Reviewed by Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt.....15

ALL IN LINE
By Saul Steinberg
Reviewed by Sgt. Ralph Stein.....21

DESERT ISLAND DECAMERON
Edited by H. Allen Smith
Reviewed by Sgt. James P. O'Neill.....36

THE LEPER KING
By Zofia Kossak
Reviewed by Sgt. Paul Johnston.....38

MISSION BEYOND DARKNESS
By Lieut. Comdr. Joseph Bryan III, U.S.N.R., and Philip Reed
Reviewed by Robert Schwartz Y2c.....40

OLD LEATHERFACE
By Keith Ayling
Reviewed by Edmond Burke SP(X)2c....43

THE SUPERFORTRESS IS BORN
By Thomas Collison
Reviewed by Sgt. Bill Reed.....46

Departments

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Sgt. Al Hine.....16

EDITORIAL.....20

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....24

TRADE WINDS
By Sgt. Joe McCarthy.....28

SEEING THINGS
By Sgt. Richard Harrity.....30

LITERARY CRYPT: No. 107.....41

LITERARY I.Q.....42

THE PHOENIX NEST
By Sgt. John Hay.....47

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 589.....51

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB
By Sgt. Paul Showers.....51

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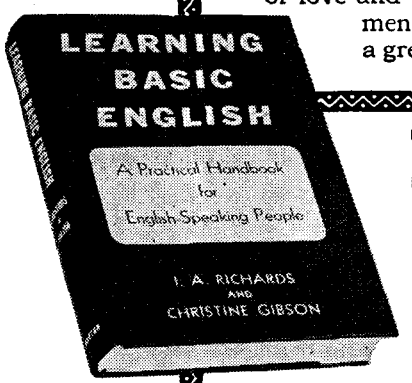

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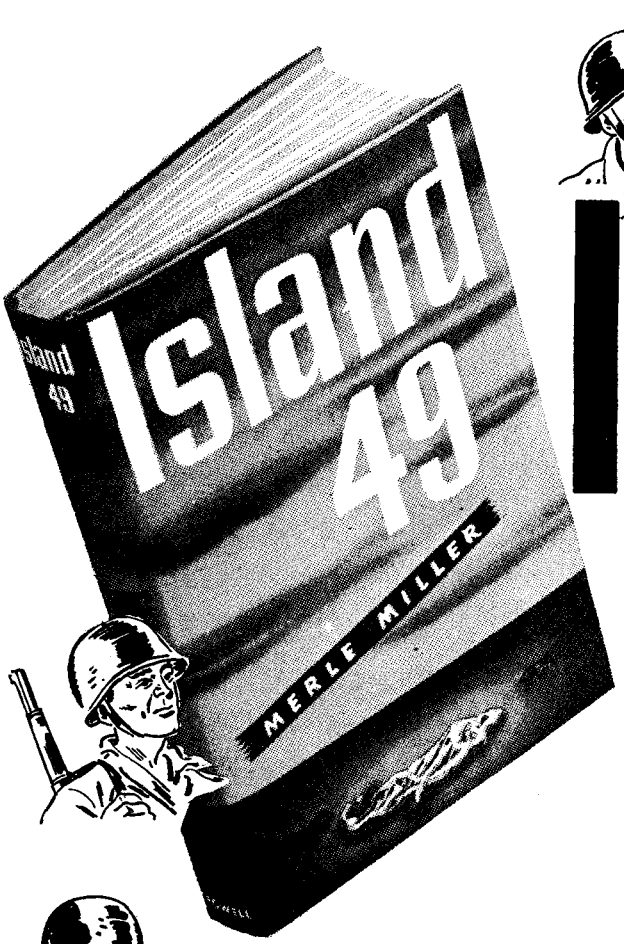

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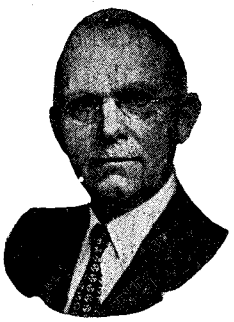

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The whole is greater than...

PERHAPS because we publish more books of poetry than most firms, our editorial department receives an astonishing number of verse manuscripts every year. It has always been an editorial principle with us to give them careful reading and consideration because we believe that poetry is central to literature as an art. But the number of acceptable books that we find in this process remains discouragingly small.

Out of all this manuscript reading we have begun to reach a conclusion about publishing contemporary poetry. Stated in its simplest form, it is that a book of poetry has to be something more than a mere collection of individual poems. Sixty or more separate pieces of verse, even if they are largely good in themselves, do not automatically make a book. The order and arrangement that the poet gives to his work are almost as important as the work itself; without a meaningful structure, a manuscript of verse is often little better than the poet's personal scrapbook. The authors themselves generally seem to find nothing undesirable about this situation. They write letters of submission containing such statements as: "The poems in my manuscript can be rearranged to suit your editorial needs"; or, "Some of the poems can be dropped and others substituted if you so desire."

A couple of years ago we contracted with E. E. Cummings for the volume we subsequently published as 1x1. The poems that were to go into that book had all been finished, but Mr. Cummings did not simply send them to us in a lump. Instead, he devoted most of the summer of 1943 to working on the order in which the individual verses were to be presented. We were eager to receive the manuscript and begin manufacture, but he was adamant about not releasing it until he was satisfied that it was genuinely a book, with structure and development implicit.

After the volume had appeared we were pleased to discover that readers themselves had perceived what Mr. Cummings had done. Basing his arrangement upon the natural sequence of autumn-winter-spring, and developing it in terms equally natural—the growth of love between a man and a woman—he had made of the poems in 1x1 a developing whole. In short, he had created a book. And the superb craftsmanship of that creation has been justified, we believe, for already the book has almost sold out its second sizable printing, and of the books of recent poetry we have published, it is one that people outside so-called "literary circles" talk to us about.

IN the case of Robert Frost, we believe the process of making a book out of a collection of poems is no less painstaking and time-consuming. Indeed, it is Frost's general practice to select from his unpublished poems a particular group that are related to each other, which can be arranged to give the reader a feeling of moving forward and of development. It is, we think, true of both these poets that any of their volumes is better if read from beginning to end than if the reader merely dips into one of them at random. In A WITNESS TREE, to cite a single example, it is remarkable how much three particular poems—"All Revelation", "Happiness Makes Up in Height for What It Lacks in Length", and "Come In"—gain from being read in the order in which Mr. Frost has placed them.

Poetry reviewers, we believe, have not always paid sufficient attention to this point. All too often, poems are reviewed as if they were so many samples of the writer's work, and when there is comment on the structure of a book of verse, it is usually as an analysis of the poet's philosophy or political attitudes, or of his emotional development. Such treatment may be the poet's—or publisher's—fault. Chronology is not necessarily a form; "early" poems followed by "late" ones may give a volume some autobiographical significance, but poetry is not autobiography.

To poets who are planning to submit manuscripts to book publishers we somewhat diffidently suggest, then, that they select from their work such poems as can be ordered into a whole which the reader can perceive, either explicitly or implicitly. Being completely non-Euclidean, we believe that any whole must always be greater than the sum of its parts.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

THE EDITORS of *The Saturday Review* have turned over this Independence Day Issue of the magazine to the editors and staff of *Yank, The Army Weekly*. With the exception of the letters page and the puzzles, everything appearing in this number has been written and edited by the *Yank* staff. Behind our invitation to *Yank* to take over this issue of *SRL* was a strong respect and admiration for the imagination, the spirit, the color, the flavor, and the uniformly high quality of the writing in the Army weekly. *Yank* today is more than a publication for servicemen. It is the largest magazine operation in the world, with fourteen separate editions covering a large part of the globe. Never before in publishing history have so many production and distribution obstacles been so successfully hurdled; never before has any magazine enterprise attracted to itself so many readers in so many different places in so short a time. Three years ago, at the end of *Yank's* first full year, *SRL's* editors presented *Yank* with this magazine's award for distinguished service to American letters. If the accomplishments of *Yank* were noteworthy then, they are no less than spectacular now. It is with pride and pleasure that we abdicate temporarily in *Yank's* favor.

Soldiers and War Books

SGT. WALTER BERNSTEIN

Sgt. Walter Bernstein

THERE has probably never been so much writing about a war. This is our fourth year, we are still in the midst of war, and yet the output of writing is practically monumental. We keep talking about the great war books that will appear years from now, but there is a considerable body of literature already upon us. It may or may not be great but much of it is significant, and it will certainly influence the literature to come.

Most of this writing has been by civilians. There is a certain amount of soldier writing, but most soldiers still do not have enough time to write anything but letters. What there is has been by more or less atypical soldiers; *i.e.*, men who are in jobs permitting them time for work of their own. There is a tendency to regard only soldier writing as the real McCoy; the reasoning seems to be that since the writer wears the uniform he must know what he's talking about. This is not necessarily so. Being in the Army is not in itself a guarantee of seeing the war clearly or writing about it well. Some of our best war writing has been by men like John Hersey and Ira Wolfert, who are civilians in good standing. Some of our shoddiest has been by men in uniform.

Most of our war writing has been reportage. There have been a few novels, some verse, and a number of short stories. There has also been another form, which no one seems to have taken seriously: the letter. Every service publication, and there are hundreds of them, has a letter column. Some of our best and most indigenous war writing appears there; maybe it isn't art, but it is usually honest, sometimes meaningful and without pretension, which is more than can be said about a lot of more ambitious writing.

War reportage, on the whole, comes from war correspondents, who are reporters with the assimilated rank of captain. The quality of the reports depends, of course, on the quality of the men who write them. Nearly everything is done to corrupt this quality, and the corruption is made easy, exciting, and profitable. A correspondent is initially handicapped by being a spectator; this is increased by giving him officer status, thus separating him even further from the men who do the fighting. He covers the war from a press camp, where he is continually briefed and given all the answers in advance. He has access to generals and high-ranking officials, some of whom he gets to call by their first names. The more important his paper, the higher the official. (If he is from a really important paper, he ceases after a while to be a correspondent and becomes an ambassador; his activities from then on are conducted on a diplomatic, rather than a reportorial, plane.) If the correspondent is at all susceptible to this nonsense, he is lost. History is presented to him solely in terms of impressive individuals; he is loaded down with so much inside information that he cannot see the forest for the trees. His goal becomes a kind of exclusive omniscience. Everywhere he goes, he must get Inside. It does not matter if the locked door conceals a bare room; he is interested only in picking the lock.

There is, of course, a different type of correspondent who is not susceptible, who is not seduced by the assimilated rank and the vitamin pills on the press camp table. Perhaps he works for a magazine, so that he does not have to file once or even twice a day, but has time to go out in the field and even live for a while with the men. He is then confronted with the job of making acceptable magazine drama out of a life that is often dramatic only in a most subtle and complex way. If he is a truthful man, with a compulsion to tell the truth, he faces continual frustration; not because being truthful about the war necessarily means muck-raking, with consequent censorship, but because his subject is too big, complex, and full of contradictions to be treated factually through the outlets most correspondents have today. Many of our reporters have tried to resolve this by being honest in a severely limited and photographic kind of way, keeping their area small and their action superficial. There have been only a few books like "American Guerrilla in the Philippines," which attempted to deal creatively with factual materials.

War reporting also suffers from having to be aggressively commercial in order to exist at all. This encourages a kind of topical frenzy among correspondents; the criterion is not literary or even reportorial worth, but speed.

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Little consideration is given to the fact that a man might have something to say about the capture of Rome that will be just as important a year from that day. If he doesn't get it out within a month, he might as well forget about it. The result is a flock of sensationally trivial books, as timely as today's headlines and on just about that level.

But our reporting has been expert, if superficial, and produced in miraculous profusion. It is expert in the sense that an automobile is the product of an expert, and for much the same reason. The newspaper business is an industry like the automobile industry; its products are based on technology, like the products of General Motors; it must achieve a certain degree of efficiency or go out of business. And because reporting today is part of a technological process, it has been forced to keep pace with technological advances. Our reporting may be entirely on the surface, but it is modern. It has paid its debt to the past and is done with it. In that sense it has outstripped much of our creative writing, which is still emotionally tied to the past. We inherited a literature of pessimism and defeat from the last war; in many cases we seem to be carrying on this tradition.

That is not entirely the case. There are a few books, like "A Bell For Adano," which attempt to handle problems of this war in terms of this war. Not only the time and place of "Adano," but the central theme of the relationship between a democratic man and a people recently released from fascism was entirely of our time. And the treatment was objective. Much of our other war writing is almost completely subjective, reflecting the moods and attitudes of World War I writing.

There are, for example, two recent novels: "The Brick Foxhole," by Richard Brooks, and "Stronger Than Fear," by Richard Tregaskis. The first is right out of "Three Soldiers"; its hero is the tortured intellectual, an artist who has joined the Marines and is doomed to permanent monotony animating maps in the United States. Its plot develops on a plane of violent race prejudice and sex, and its tone is one of high-minded self-pity.

"Stronger Than Fear" is the kind of novel we may see more of, especially if the post-war period is tough. Its hero is a combat soldier and the action takes place during a street fight for a German town. The theme, stated explicitly, is that, even though the war is no longer being fought for democratic ideals, it is still necessary for each individual to preserve his own honor and dignity.

IN both these books, the war figures as a negative and even malevolent force. What affirmation does arise from the resolution of the hero's problems is mystical and religious. There is little feeling that the war has meaning or ramification beyond the hero's, or the writer's, sensibilities. There is little in either of the books to show that we are sharing with a major part of the world the common experience of fighting against fascism.

And yet how should this be shown? The fact of this common experience is sometimes hard to prove. We have not been affected in this war the way the rest of the world has. The war has not had to become, for us, an active fight for national existence, the way it has throughout Europe. Our soldiers do not, for the most part, look upon themselves as fighters for freedom; when they are articulate about their role in the war, they are frequently cynical and usually profane. They will be fighting against fascism and yet perhaps employ the vocabulary of the thing they fight. It is true that an Army reflects the nature of the war it is fighting; it is also true that an Army is an expression of the country it represents.

Like our country, our Army is streaked with prejudice and wasted effort. So far as the writer himself is concerned, the Army, like our country, does not usually consider his product as socially useful, at least not enough to support him for producing it. The creative writer has never been considered an integral part of the war effort, any more than he was considered a functioning part of society as a whole. Our culture has always tended to isolate the artist, to emphasize his separateness rather than his identification with people. The Army, as a rule, encourages this isolation; it accepts the writer as one of the group, but

GI CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Cpl. George Barrett is a correspondent with *Yank's* European edition published in Rome. He has covered both land and air action in the Mediterranean.

Sgt. Walter Bernstein has reported the war for *Yank* in Africa, the Middle East, Sicily, Italy, and Yugoslavia.

Edmond Burke Sp (x) 2c was a *Yank* Navy correspondent in Latin America and is now one of the Navy members of the New York staff.

Sgt. W. F. Cody is a *Yank* contributor stationed in France. Many of *Yank's* poems, humor features, and combat reports come from GIs like Sgt. Cody, who manage to do some writing in between regular Army duties.

Cpl. Margaret Davis is an associate editor and one of the two WACs on the *Yank* staff.

Sgt. Richard Harrity spent eighteen months in Panama where he helped establish and edit *Yank's* Pan-American edition.

Sgt. John Hay was a *Yank* correspondent in Central America and is now an associate editor of *The Army Weekly*.

Sgt. Al Hine helped establish and edited *Yank's* Persian Gulf edition for eighteen months. He is now Overseas News Editor.

Sgt. Durbin L. Horner is the editor of *Yank's* British edition. He also reported the war in France.

Sgt. Paul Johnston is the editor of *Yank's* China-Burma-India edition published at Calcutta.

Sgt. Joe McCarthy is *Yank's* Managing Editor. He has reported the war in Italy, Belgium, France, and Greece, where he was the first GI to enter Athens when it was liberated. Before joining *Yank* in June, 1942, he served as a muleskinner in the pack artillery.

Sgt. H. N. Oliphant covered the Tinian, Leyte, and Luzon invasions and was the first correspondent to get an interview with Japanese prisoners of war past the censors.

Pvt. James P. O'Neill has reported the war for *Yank* in the Middle East, Italy, and Southern France.

Sgt. Bill Reed is a *Yank* correspondent in the Pacific. He covered the Iwo Jima and Okinawa invasions and was on the first Super-fortress raid against Japan from Saipan.

Robert Schwartz Y2c was *Yank's* first Navy editor and is now a combat correspondent assigned to the Western Pacific edition, published on Saipan.

Cpl. Tom Shehan was a *Yank* correspondent in Africa and Italy and is now *The Army Weekly's* sports editor.

Sgt. Paul Showers helps edit the Western Pacific edition, published on Saipan.

Sgt. Ralph Stein is a cartoonist who doubles in brass as *Yank's* assistant art editor.

Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt spent two years in the European Theatre of Operations as an editor of *Yank's* British edition and is now an associate editor on the New York staff.

Sgt. Arthur Weithas, who selected the *Yank* art for this issue, is *Yank's* Art Editor. He participated in the Luzon and Mindanao invasions where he sketched and photographed action for *The Army Weekly*.

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not as a writer. He is thus forced to work always outside the main current of the larger social effort.

This isolation of the writer is frequently reflected in a similar isolation of his characters, particularly his protagonist. The result is increased subjectivity and neuroticism. The need to satisfy an ego damaged by isolation becomes a need for self-justification. In war writing this is often camouflaged as an objective need to justify the war instead of the individual. The hero of "The Brick Foxhole" is cruelly used by social forces, but he is apparently blameless. Actually, he is soft and neurotic, with no conception of the war and little feeling for the people around him. He belongs nowhere, not only because the military has done him dirt, but because he doesn't know where he should belong. He is essentially rootless; his dilemma is that of many intellectuals, who become so baffled by the contradictions of a war they want to believe in that they do not know where to stand. So they vacillate and grow ripe for a kick in the teeth, and finally they get kicked. By that time they may know where they stand, but then it may be too late.

We have also had another kind of war writing, less ambitious than that mentioned above, and more successful. This is typified by "A Walk in the Sun," and it owes its allegiance not to the writing of the last war but to Hollywood. "A Walk in the Sun" does not pretend to have anything to do with the issues of the war. It is simply the story of a single action, told entertainingly and with the sound of authenticity. That it bears little relation to war as it is fought seems irrelevant beside the expert writing. The narration is done so well and the background seems so real that the reader is quite willing to go along with it. And not only the casual, uninformed reader: when a military publication like *The Infantry Journal* pointed out the more obvious mistakes of the book, many critics sprang to its defense, claiming that this kind of accuracy was really beside the point. What mattered was that the book *felt* right.

The idea that feeling is necessarily truth is not new in our literature. It is part of a hallowed tradition of anti-intellectualism, perpetuated each day in movie studios, newspaper copy rooms, magazine offices, and publisher's sanctums. It is an escape from the obligation of having to understand the world. It is a particularly tempting idea when writing about the war, whose surface manifestations often seem beyond understanding. Even the attempt to understand requires thought, which is frequently painful and discouraging, and which sometimes leads to upheaval. So we have developed a propensity to write and criticize out of our emotions. Since the emotional climate of the pre-war years was strongly pacifist, we find ourselves with a heritage of that feeling in our present writing.

We have also taken from the literature of the last war the idea of "justification." A recent novel dealing with the Pacific was dedicated to the memory of a soldier who had died in a previous battle, with the plea that his death must somehow be given meaning. But this war already has a meaning. It is a war against fascism. It may not be as clean-cut as you might wish and idealism may not be its driving motive, but it has been a true war of national liberation for most of the allies involved. And it would have developed into a fight for our own life in our country if we hadn't been lucky. It is certainly possible to lose the peace after we have won the war, but we haven't yet lost either. On the contrary, we have just aided materially in smashing the most destructive force the world has ever seen. That is something too easily forgotten when the immediate danger is over.

THE going for a writer today is rough. The obligation to see a thing whole has rarely been more pressing. The responsibility to write clearly of a war for which so many men have died is enormous. There are many dangers: subjectivity, self-pity, inaccuracy, cynicism, wishful thinking. There is the belief that passionate conviction can substitute for artistry. There is the pitfall of writing about America in terms that are not American. There is the danger of attributing to ourselves both the strength and the weakness of others. We are not a fascist nation, although some tendencies can be seen. On the other hand, our effort in the war has perhaps been overshadowed in some ways by other countries, who have suffered and fought through more, and established new visions in the process. These countries have provided us with a militant and hopeful symbol of our time, as valid as the drifting lifeboat, the bombed cathedral, or the atrocity victim. It is the symbol of the man and woman of the resistance, and is a great temptation to take this symbol as our own.

But it would not be true. Our symbols are muddier and less fulfilled. They do not fit a simple pattern and it is often easy to misrepresent what they mean. Yet it is the function of a writer to make meaning clear. He deals with subjects he knows, but he is not obligated to assume the shortcomings of his subjects. The least we can hope is that writing, particularly war writing, bear some relation to the forces shaping the world today. We can hope that the writer will see his material whole and in perspective, conscious that the world is moving and that his writing can affect that movement.

We live in a violent time, but other writers have lived in violent times and they kept their health and wrote. We can do at least that much. We can also pay off the past, treat the world on its own terms and face it squarely. Only then can we start developing a literature for our time.

—*Wash drawing by Sgt. Robert Greenhalgh (Guam).*
Color Guard

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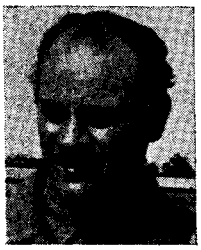
America's Uncompromising Revolutionist

TOM PAINE: America's Godfather. By W. E. Woodward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1945. 359 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SGT. DURBIN L. HORNER

London.



Sgt. Durbin L. Horner

IT IS not easy to read a biography of Tom Paine—"America's Godfather," as Mr. Woodward calls him, revolutionist as others call him. You do not curl up in a comfortable chair with an historical account of the man who said, "Where freedom is not, there is my country" to while away a few pleasant hours.

The life of Tom Paine was violent; books written about him are violent. But as revolution also is violent, you do not read of it with less than violent emotions. You are either violently sympathetic or violently antagonistic. Tom Paine was a revolutionist; he believed violently in the one cause to which he dedicated himself—freedom for all men. And during his lifetime—and long afterwards—people either loved Tom Paine as the uncompromising leader of their cause, or they hated him as representing those things that menaced their way of life.

Mr. Woodward's life of Tom Paine is a violent book. He may not have intended it to be such. But to this writer, reading Mr. Woodward's biography of Paine just a month after V-E Day, in the middle of war-scarred London, not far from Thetford where the staymaker-turned-revolutionist was born, Mr. Woodward seems to be a violent disciple of Tom Paine's, and an ardent defender of the man who was the first to call them the "United States of America."

Perhaps many readers will find it impossible to be objective about Mr. Woodward's book. Perhaps the magnificent struggle of all the people of the Allied nations in routing fascism is still so fresh in the minds of the freedom-loving world that the great, brave words of Tom Paine, brought to light again, come at a particularly appropriate moment. Perhaps Mr. Woodward has made a great contribution toward renewing the faith and confidence of the little man in himself. This was what Tom Paine tried to do; any sympathetic historical account of Tom Paine must, *ipso facto,* do the same.

If any criticism at all can be levelled at Mr. Woodward's account of the life of Tom Paine, it is that you get to know little of the man himself. You get a very clear picture of the times in which Paine lived, the characters with whom he came in contact, and what Paine wrote and said about those times and characters. But the man himself you get to know only slightly.

This, of course, is hardly a valid criticism, since Mr. Woodward himself says in his book:

> Paine's outer life was as simple as that of a plowhand or a furnace tender, while his inner life was so intricate, complicated and intense that he was often lost in the maze of his own thoughts. He must be judged by his writings, for they alone give him a place in the world of thought and action. Without them he is just Tom Paine, a commonplace staymaker. It took him thirty-eight years to find his way through his inner maze and discover that he was something more than a staymaker and excise officer.

And again:

> The fact is that Paine was a saint in the cause of truth and freedom, and unless he is so considered the record of his life is just a tangle of unrelated impulses.

Other historians might argue with Mr. Woodward, but the layman, reading the abundant quotations from "Commonsense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Age of Reason" with which Mr. Woodward fills his biography, can do little but agree. Paine's words stir men today as they did in the early, doubtful days of the Revolution.

Time and again throughout his book, Mr. Woodward expresses his own annoyance and irritation to the reader because in his research he comes upon periods in the revolutionist's life that are completely blank. There is a period for which Paine has left no illuminating records, in which his friends and enemies apparently forgot his existence, and Paine himself seemingly disappeared from mortal ken.

—From the portrait by G. T. Hartmann.

W. E. Woodward: "Paine was a saint in the cause of truth and freedom."

Mr. Woodward attests many times throughout the book that he is, in effect, sticking to the available facts. He gives the definite impression that he has little truck with those who have taken literary license with the life of the revolutionist—even sympathetic license. The book does not suffer because of this. But the reviewer does, because it is difficult to criticize a recital of historical facts. One might disagree with such a book if the facts were untrue or drawn from questionable sources; one might ask for more facts, or less. But Mr. Woodward's book is full of published documents, record upon official record, letter upon letter. If nothing else, the book is certainly a tribute to the author's monumental work of research. But the book is more than that. Much more. It is an exciting, burning record of a man's doctrine and faith that became that of a whole people and a nation; that outlawed him from England; brought him, in the space of a few years' time, both adulation and imprisonment in France; and returned him to America to the contempt and ostracism of his own countrymen.

One can wish for more of Tom Paine. One wonders, for instance, why Mr. Woodward passed over the retreat of Washington's army from New York to Trenton in which Tom Paine participated (or is this some of the literary license to which this writer has been subjected?). The answer to all this probably is, if you want more of Tom Paine, then read Paine himself. For this is exactly what Mr. Woodward makes you want to do.

Mr. Woodward has emerged as an indisputable champion of Paine, that earlier champion of the underdog. He says: "Paine should be in the Hall of Fame, of course, with Washington, Jefferson, John Adams and other founders of the republic, but his name was voted down. Theodore Roosevelt characterized him as a 'filthy little atheist,' a three-word phrase with not one word correct, for he was not filthy, nor little, not an atheist."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 588)

SANTHA RAMA RAU:
HOME TO INDIA

British colleges in India seemed to me hopelessly out of place, and valueless for an Indian who expects to work in an India not governed by the British. The Indian colleges do *not,* unfortunately, reach the standard of American ones.*

*Substituted for *colleges* on account of space

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Hands Across the Seas

MY BROTHER AMERICANS. By Carlos P. Romulo. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 212 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SGT. H. N. OLIPHANT

Sgt. H. N. Oliphant

THIS book, in point of time at least, spans the most critical period of America's history. It begins on June 28, 1942, exactly one month after the fall of Corregidor, when the author, Col. (now Brig. Gen.) Carlos P. Romulo, arrived in this country on a special mission for General MacArthur, under whom he was then serving as aide-de-camp. It ends on August 29, 1944, almost three months after the invasion of Normandy, when Romulo left the United States to rejoin his chief in Dutch New Guinea for the liberation of the Philippines.

Between those two dates Romulo, as a special emissary sitting in a ringside seat, saw a bewildered and fumbling nation, still groggy from the foul blow at Pearl Harbor, slowly pull itself up on the ropes, shake its head free of shock and lethargy, spit on its hands, and come back swinging from the floor. This astonishing spectacle of America's resurgence and the qualities of courage, determination, and faith that made it possible impressed General Romulo profoundly—so profoundly, in fact, that in his new book, "My Brother Americans," an informal and intensely personal account of his twenty-six-month tour of duty in the United States, the general has considerable difficulty keeping his admiration for the home-front within articulate limits. That he ultimately succeeds is a tribute to the passionate sincerity of his faith in American democracy and to the candidly ebullient affection he harbors for the ordinary American citizen.

As "My Brother Americans" makes abundantly clear, Romulo's faith in American democracy is based on neither the naive credulity of a proselyte nor the studied blindness of a bigot. It was generated the hard way.

At Hollandia last October, a few days before we shoved off for the invasion of the Philippines, I had a long talk with Gen. Romulo, and out of that talk came the story, at least in part, of how his, and indeed his country's faith in America had been engendered. I quote now at length from my notes because what he said to me that day about Filipino-American relations is implicit in almost every page of "My Brother Americans."

"To understand what has happened between our two peoples," he said, "you have to know the fire in which Filipino-American friendship has been forged. That fire at first, at least on our part, was ignited by an implacable hatred. We had hated and despised the Spaniards before you came, but when you kicked the Spaniards out and took their place in our islands, we hated you more, if anything, than we hated them.

"I remember as a boy seeing my father go into a violent rage whenever the word American was even so much as uttered in our house. 'Blue-eyed devils' we called the Yanks who cockily tramped our streets and, as we believed then, tried to dominate and enslave us. Even after these first Americans to land in our islands had demonstrated that they wanted only to be friendly and helpful, we were still distrustful.

"I remember the time when I saw the first faint gleam of America's real intentions towards the Philippines. A tough and ugly U. S. cavalry sergeant taught those intentions to me.

"The first time I saw him he was sitting under a tree near our house in Tarlac. Several other children—my playmates—were huddled around him. He was peeling apples for them and making little wisecracks that made them laugh. I remember that even then I was somehow drawn to this amazing person and yet I was repelled, too, because my father's hatred for 'blue-eyed devils'—instilled into me almost from birth—was still alive.

"Anyway, overcoming my hatred and distrust—I was also intensely curious about apples, never having seen one in my life before—I very shyly approached and accepted the generous slice of apple that the sergeant offered me. He smiled and I smiled and after that I used to see him almost every day. We got to be friends rapidly and I seemed to forget that he was my father's enemy. Soon he was teaching me English. He taught me, in homely sentences, what the words freedom and human justice meant to Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry. Before I knew it, I had lost my distrust of the 'blue-eyed devils.' I remember worrying about what my father would do if he discovered the new friendship I had made clandestinely. Nonetheless the friendship flowered and my father for some reason never interfered. In fact later he became a sincere advocate of American democracy.

"From hatred and distrust my feelings had come to be friendship and gratitude. You could say that my experience in a way has been the experience of almost all Filamericans. First we hated you. Even after you had demonstrated that you wanted to be our friends—like my cavalry sergeant—we were still distrustful. Then very gradually as we came to see that so far from having evil designs on us, you actually wanted to help us prepare ourselves for enlightened independence, we became your friends.

"On Bataan and Corregidor the feeling that Filipinos had for Americans was heightened beyond anything I can say."

Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo's "faith in American democracy . . . was generated the hard way."

At the end of our interview I asked the general if there were any last thought that he would like to pass on to the GIs about to enter the Philippines. He thought for a long moment and then he said, "If you treat the Filipinos fairly they will do anything for you, even die for you, as they did on the sacred soil of Bataan."

That is the motivating feeling behind "My Brother Americans." The book tells a long story—and a rollicking one at times—about a lecturer-observer who traveled 89,000 American miles and visited almost 500 American cities and towns looking at America gird itself for war. But underneath all of the anecdotes, you'll find one thing and one thing only: Romulo's immense admiration for American democracy.

Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this book is the fact that its author was able to spend twenty-six months traveling about the country without "official escort," and was able to set down his honest impressions without governmental supervision.

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Of and By Woodrow Wilson

WOODROW WILSON AND THE PEOPLE. By H. C. F. Bell. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 392 *pp.* $3.

WOODROW WILSON: Selections for Today. Edited by Arthur B. Tourtellot. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 258 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CPL. GEORGE BARRETT

Cpl. George Barrett

Rome.

AS ONE of Wilson's "clients," as one of the men whose fathers Wilson reluctantly ordered to Europe in 1917, this reviewer finds these two additions to the Wilson library not so much notable for their new revelations on the old subject as impressive, collectively, for their vivid and shocking reaffirmation of America's most tragic parallel.

To put it more bluntly and personally these two, coming at this time, are in effect a kick in the stomach to soldiers, to those of us whose soldier fathers were told by Wilson we would "not be sent upon a similar errand." Wilson spoke with a rare passion when he made that promise to our fathers and spoke also from the common heart of America—and the responsibility for having to break that promise falls on our fathers and makes us today fear for our own sons tomorrow.

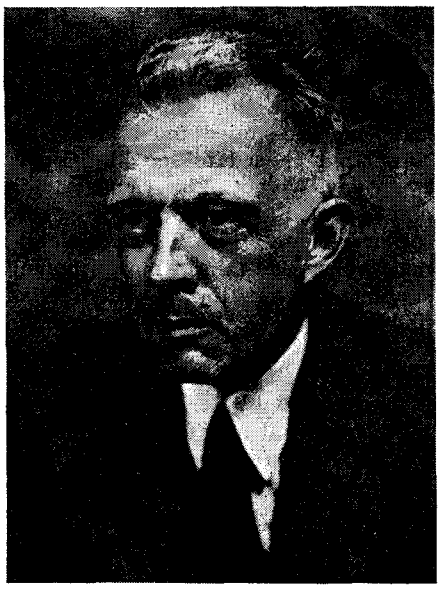
And these days it comes as something almost unreal—and heartbreaking—to read of another man in the White House who twenty-five years ago electrified a nation by a bold inaugural speech, who pooh-poohed Congressional traditions, who pledged to and did reorganize the rocking financial structure against the wishes of bankers, who deplored sacrificing his domestic reforms to the needs of war, who complained that the captains of industry so often looked backward, who when war spread over Europe pleaded with Congress for military preparedness, who insisted on a "united, independent, and autonomous Poland" as a *sine qua non* for a peaceful Europe, who was proud to be the first to welcome "the new democracy of Russia to the family of free states," who was plagued during the peace struggles by the sorry border dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia, who dedicated his solemn and hopeless efforts to the ideal of a world league.

The list goes on, and it is as though today were only yesterday. It seems we are living a mirrored version of the past. It is tragic when we read with Wilson such names as McCormick and Churchill and Bullitt and von Papen, and learn that December 7 even in Wilson's day meant a war's beginning for America.

Mr. Bell gives us Wilson from the days of Princeton. This book is largely an intimate glimpse, often with surprising and warming insights into the man's character and personality and home life. For example, you learn with amazement that the great democrat often "had not bothered to vote" in those peaceful, un-public days of Princeton. But at too great length Mr. Bell dwells on the troubles at the university. This is all right if you care for the teapot tempests of campus battles but it seems to this revewier an unnecessary digression.

Apparently Mr. Bell has gone meticulously into Wilson's private life and it is interesting to read how two ladies living with the Wilson family shared expenses and made a nice living possible for the future President. But the sentimental praise given the first Mrs. Wilson for political astuteness when she did no more than play the gracious hostess is the kind of embarrassing nonsense that cheapens biographies. The dull writing is not brightened by such sentences as "the convention promised to be one of sweat and tears if not of blood." That is sophomoric plagiarism.

Yet the intimate glimpses are there, and it is heartwarming to read Wilson's letter soon after the first onslaught of publicity: "You cannot . . . imagine such days . . . an invasion by the people of the United States!" And to this soldier-reviewer in these days of the government paying interest for money lent for war it is great to read Wilson's sharp criticism of war bond buyers: "You cannot take very much satisfaction . . . in lending money to the United States, because the interest you draw will burn your pockets. . . ."



—*Gilbert J. Vincent*

H. C. F. Bell's "picture of Wilson is a complete one."

In the same vein—and perhaps it is because I'm a soldier I respond so quickly to these Wilson sentiments—Wilson offers stern criticism of profits in war with his sarcastic reference to the need of "stimulating production" and he asks: "Do you mean that you must be . . . bribed to make . . . a contribution that costs you neither a drop of blood nor a tear. . . ." One feels inclined, however, to chide Mr. Bell for loose writing. For example, "either strikes were not usually frequent or the effects they had on the country's war activities made them seem so." That is something that is pretty easy to check.

Perhaps I'm cautious. Certainly Mr. Bell has done careful research for his material and his picture of Wilson is a complete one.

But it is to Wilson himself, of course, that we most wisely turn again. Mr. Tourtellot's selections—good ones as far as this Wilson fan can determine—are the best and most accurate pictures of Wilson.

And it is with Wilson himself also that we can be most critical for, as the music teacher used to say, "It's only when you know your lesson I can really criticize your playing." Certainly one so full of ideals as Wilson was could ill afford mistakes in simple judgment and taste. It was, for example, pure tripe to insist America was created "not to serve ourselves, but to serve mankind." Sometimes Wilson even seems insincere, particularly when he makes dedication to a religious faith; his avowal sounds confused and almost expedient.

But Wilson also knew how to talk straight, and to our fathers he said after the war: "You are betrayed. You fought for something you did not get. The glory of the armies and navies of the United States has gone like a dream in the night. . . . There will come some time in the vengeful Providence of God another struggle in which not a few hundred thousand fine men of America will die but as many millions as are necessary to accomplish the final freedom of the peoples of the world."

Wilson knew, and as I lay these two books down I am heartsick with the realization that the hearts of the people of the world, the human feelings upon which Wilson so often relied when he negotiated, are still filled with doubts, suspicions, hates.

What hope there is is still in Wilson's "ideals which have lifted men slowly, oh so slowly, up the arduous grades. . . ."

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More Shouts and Murmurs

Although Mr. Adams's biography has been treated twice already in the SRL *—once in a review and once by John Mason Brown in pursuit of his regular columnar chores—the Army application of a biography of a one-time* Stars & Stripes *staffman is more than the guest-editors can resist. So, apologizing to books yet unreviewed whose space we steal, we offer one more word on Woollcott—The* Yank *Editors.*

A. WOOLLCOTT: His Life and His World. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1945. 375 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by
SGT. SANDERSON VANDERBILT

Sgt. Sanderson Vanderbilt

IF anyone is looking for a definitive biography of Alexander Woollcott (and there is reason to believe that plenty of people who found themselves needled or titillated by that lively individual could become interested in such a commodity), "A. Woollcott: His Life and His World" is plainly the answer. What conceivably may give this exhaustive—and, surprisingly, never exhausting—book an even wider appeal, however, is the breadth of scope suggested by the last two words of its title. For, in trying to figure out what made the Woollcott personality tick in the exasperating way it did, Samuel Hopkins Adams has brought together a vast number of more or less intimate details concerning a world which was once a source of vicarious delight to large segments of the nation and which is now to a considerable degree dissolved.

The consensus of those who knew Woollcott well seems to be that Mr. Adams has done his subject proud, but it may also be that, in his modest, diligent way, the biographer has done himself even prouder. The book runs to 375 pages, hardly one of which does not bear some evidence of Mr. Adams's painstaking research. Moreover, it would be hard to imagine a more scrupulously honest attempt to be fair with so controversial a subject and to present all sides of a character whose shape frequently seemed to be as vague and unpredictable as that of an amoeba.

Mr. Adams, nevertheless, has not let his gifts of journalistic integrity and documentation cloud his well-known flair for telling a good story, which, essentially, is what he has found in—and made of—A. Woollcott's life and world. It almost goes without saying that it is also a story which not even the most ardent apologist for the subject could call altogether charming.

To this reviewer, in some part no doubt because of his present vocation but also because the incidents involved have a less familiar ring than many of later date, the section dealing with the role Woollcott played in the last war as a hospital orderly and Army correspondent proved of especial interest. Possibly "special interest" would be the better expression when it comes to such passages as Mr. Adams's account of how Harold Ross, as editor of the old *Stars and Stripes* in Paris, was finally cut free from the shackles of Army routine which for a time made it practically impossible for him to do his job at all. The individuals involved were Captain Guy T. Viskniskki and two enlisted men—Ross and John T. Winterich—and here, according to Mr. Adams, is what transpired:

> Though an expert newsman, Captain Viskniskki brought to the assignment desk the aura of militarism. He was a conscientious disciplinarian. He put Ross under arrest for being scooped by the Paris edition of the *Herald*. He issued orders instead of assignments. The staff became fretful. Ross spent time in saluting which might more usefully have been devoted to editorial matters. Presently there came a day when the paper must be made up, Ross was laid by the heels for some dereliction, and Winterich, the only other man with the requisite knowledge, was away. After several painful hours with the make-up sheet, Viskniskki decided that the military code was not adaptable to journalism, and turned over to the underlings the business of getting out the paper.

Amen.

As a soldier, Sgt. Woollcott was one of the earliest sad sacks, judging from an incident which occurred in Paris during a visit he paid to the town. It seems that the sergeant invited Elsie Janis and her mother to dinner

(he'd been making adequate dough as a Broadway theater critic before the war) and during the meal the talk turned to an announcement that the draft was going to be broadened to drag in more men. At this, Mr. Adams records, "Mrs. Janis innocently asked: 'That means that you'll go into the Army, doesn't it, Aleck?'—which ruined the dinner for the humiliated host."

Things must have been different in those days. Sgt. Woollcott was evidently regarded by the men in the line as a honey of a reporter at the front yet, according to Mr. Adams, the stuff he wrote at that time was "all in the superlative mood" and read as "one long whoop of glory." Not many sergeant-correspondents for Army publications write that way these days for the very good reason that the men who do the fighting don't seem to feel that way about war. Not many other people seem to, either, for that matter.

As a soldier-correspondent, however, Woollcott exhibited one virtue which is still generally respected by GIs today. Although his zeal for taking chances under fire was enormous, his reporting did not, Mr. Adams tells us, make it seem as if Alexander Woollcott were fighting the war singlehanded. "As a participant," says Mr. Adams, "he did not overrate his role. No correspondent was less prone to first-person heroics."

The sergeant-correspondent's feelings about his return to civilian life were probably similar to those now being, or about to be, experienced by many soldiers of this war who have found themselves with an acceptable number of points but are less adept at expressing themselves than A. Woollcott. Mr. Adams quotes from a letter written by Woollcott in later life recalling his reactions to being demobilized and especially "how dim and, when brought to my attention at all, how distasteful all my civilian friends seemed. When compared with the men who slept in the adjoining bunks on the transport or stood in front of or behind me in mess line, the oldest and dearest friends I had back home seemed like paper dolls."

Mr. Adams believes that Woollcott's military service was the high spot in his career and it may well have been, although certainly there were plenty of other spots to offer competition. There is no space here even to begin to catalogue the various aspects of this singular creature with whose agreeable and disagreeable sides Mr. Adams deals so fully and impartially. Besides, they are too widely known and, when merely summarized, meaningless. It is only when put together in Mr. Adams's amiable yet purposeful manner that they make such sense,, and gain, to some extent at any rate, significance.

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Strictly Personal

BOOK-ADVERTISING IRRITATIONS

Sgt. Al Hine

ALTHOUGH book-writers are often among the wittiest and most outspoken critics of that not-quite-dead horse Advertising, it is depressing to note that advertising in the book field, with a few bright exceptions, falls consistently between the two stools of audience-scornful laziness and a literary snobbism which has as much sales appeal as a sack of dehydrated onions.

From first-hand observation I can testify that dehydrated onions have little sales appeal. No more does an ad like this one, a rough paraphrase of an insertion by one of our more respected publishers:

> 'Till the last syllable of recorded time . . .'
> It is the unique good fortune of this century that during this first half of its appointed span four novels have appeared which will shine like bright beacons of man's knowledge of himself as a part of the eternal literary heritage of the race.

Followeth, for the reader whose stomach has not yet turned, a list of the chosen books of the chosen author, which I, for one, immediately vow never to buy until they hit the dustiest corner of the remainders shelf.

Now this kind of advertising is drivel, and disgusting drivel at that. It isn't even good snob appeal and, God knows, the book trade, of all trades, should be extra suspicious of snob appeal. The insertion paraphrased, and others like it, amounts to nothing more than ink-thickened drool, an accumulation of literary cliches which, taken in the proper dosage, is probably believed by its creator to stimulate that, we hope long dormant, gland of literary pretentiousness that first afflicted most of us when we learned to look down our noses at a schoolmate's enthusiasm for a book *we* knew was not "good."

The only positive element in such an ad, from the cold sales point of view, is the fact that it does mention the name of a book or the names of several books. The publisher would do much better to lay aside the Cholmondeley-prose-poetry and the trick type and the toney display features and simply run a little list of the titles of his books. Some publishers do this. It is as negative as a meatless Tuesday, but it is not offensive. And the snobbist style of book advertising is offensive.

It is offensive not only because of the cloying sickliness of its copy, but because snob appeal, as I said before, has no place in book advertising. The hope and dream of every publisher—his commercial hope as well as his idealistic dream—should be to popularize his books. And to popularize is not necessarily to cheapen, or to lower standards.

It stands to reason that the more people who can be stimulated to read and buy books, the more money people who make and sell books will earn. Most of us hopelessly addicted book readers also like to believe that the more people read and buy books, the more pleasant and well-informed the world will be. Well, you are not going to snare readers with snob appeal. You may be able to sell a cigarette by boasting that it is smoked in the best circles. You may be able to sell a dress on the grounds that it's "Park Avenue." You may be able to sell an automobile because its lines mark its driver as a born patrician. But you won't sell books that way. Not many.

Because books are different. Books require a certain amount of effort from the person who buys them. You see, he or she has to read the books. A cigarette may be smoked without obvious effort and the brand name on the package is discernible to your companions. Anybody can see milady in her creation and admire its elegance. You can put the top down and drive all over hell's half acre to let people see you in your new car. You can't do that with a book.

AN infinitesimal number of books are sold for display. There are odd people who aren't happy unless they have the latest best seller in a conspicuous position on a living room end table. But these are a paltry few and not too charming. The books that are read and bought in quantity are the books that people make friends with. That they like as men like an old hat or women a comfortable girdle. It isn't easy to make friends with snobs. Therefore, to sell, book advertising must avoid snob appeal.

There have been books promoted with snob-appeal which have sold. I believe that they have sold in spite of the ineptitude of their advertising sponsorship and that they would have sold better had they been presented humanly. They are like a social newcomer to whom you are introduced by the prize bore of your circle. If the newcomer or the book has honest charm he or it may be able to overcome the initial handicap of a poor launching. But oh, how much better had the introduction been carried out unassumingly and by a friend!

The audience-scornful advertising of books turns out to be much commoner than the snob treatment. It is so common that it is doubtful if it will ever be eradicated. Its crutch is the blurb and its mainstay is the precious belief that "Well, this is *book* advertising.

—*Drawing by Sgt. Jack Ruge (Okinawa).*
Okinawa

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There are certain things we always do, you see, and besides book advertising is different. People expect it to be like this." The result may fall into one of a dozen patterns, but, by damn, the apology is always true. You couldn't mistake it for anything but book advertising. And, if you aren't interested in books to begin with you have had fair warning and may flip the page and go on to become interested in something else.

You'll find examples of this lazy advertising in this very issue of the *SRL* and in the pages of any Sunday book supplement and in the pages of your local paper. The commonest type is the one mentioned awhile back—the simple listing of a book's name in type big enough to catch the eye. It must be advertising because it is paid for at normal space rates, but what it does in the way of stimulating reader appeal escapes me now and probably always will.

Slightly more adventurous, some publishers will insert an advertisement which includes not only the name of the book but a picture of how the book looks. This is so that when you see "The Post Snafu World" in a book shop you will realize that the volume you are looking at is "The Post Snafu World" and not "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." Very helpful and appealing to the potential buyer.

Wilder publishers follow this step through with another. They, the stalwarts, take a chance on printing a cut of the author's head, usually if the author in question is female, under thirty, and photographically retouchable. I suppose there is some subtle relationship between the curves of an author and the curves on a publisher's sales graph—let us never forget Miss Winsor—but it does seem, as a method of promotion, something less than inspired.

These same wild publishers are the boys who, when they run the picture of the book or the author, are likely to run with it a chaste block of institutional copy. Such copy usually reads: "All lovers of Miss Doe's novels of the Maine coast will be delighted to hear that she has written another novel of the Maine coast."

The final frenzy of the lazy advertiser, of course, is the time-dishonored blurb. The blurb, I believe, originally gained its popularity as a combination of snob appeal and word-of-mouth advertising. I have already expressed myself on snob appeal.

I approve, as any sane person must in thinking of sales, of word-of-mouth advertising. But word-of-mouth advertising has that very warmth which

—*Drawing by Sgt. Howard Brodie (Normandy).*

Normandy

most blurbs, still knee deep in pretentiousness, lack. What friend of yours will approach you at a cocktail party to intone, "I have just been reading a volume which should be on the shelf of every thinking American who wishes his or her children to live free from the shadow of Armageddon." Or, "You must read 'Bushwa.' It's the distillation of the spring of love. Tender as the heartbeat of a child, fragile as a moonbeam and strong as youth."

Not many people spread their word-of-mouth recommendations in these tones. In fact, the only people I know of who do are the people who select the blurbs. I don't think you meet them at cocktail parties or on the subway or at the races. Or, if you do, they disguise themselves by talking like normal people. Why, oh why, can't they talk that way in their blurbs?

This is enough of tearing down. There must be some constructive steps the publishing business can take which will satisfy even vinegar addicts like myself. There are.

First of all, let us admit that a large publisher has too many books on his list to treat each one as if it were an individual new product. He cannot launch every novel with the same research, care, and copy-testing that an auto manufacturer uses for his yearly model. The only two constructive things he can do to overcome his handicaps are to combine with other publishers in some kind of a coöperative group that will actively promote books as books, and to make an effort to achieve intelligent advertising for those few outstanding books which come from his presses each year.

Publishers can coöperate. They have coöperated in treating legislation which affects the publishing business, they have coöperated in matters of copyright and piracy. In these war years they have been coöperating most effectively and most hopefully in the Council on Books in Wartime. If something like this latter confederacy could be kept alive after the war, it could work wonders in stimulating the public awareness of books as a part of life. The Council has distributed books —most of them good books—to thousands of Army camps and Navy installations both here and overseas. It has introduced reading for pleasure to thousands of GIs whose reading tastes formerly stopped with "Superman" or *True Wild West Spicy Detective Mystery Adventure Stories Magazine*. The Council, or something very like it, should continue. It must continue if the book trade is to tap its full reading audience and do its full amount of good.

This peacetime equivalent needn't distribute free books. Pocket reprints will take care of developing and keeping fertile a growing market. What a coöperative publishers group can do, is promote the reading habit. If advertising could weld us into a nation of tooth brushers, it should be able to push us a step nearer being a nation of readers. Intelligent coöperative advertising and promotion, a public education program that will schedule lectures and aid teachers and lend a helping hand in reader guidance, could outweigh all the pulp that has been wasted on portraits of lady authors and printings of how much author A liked the latest book of author B.

In the promotion of individual books, some attention should be paid to the cardinal advertising questions of (1) what the book is, (2) what its audience is, (3) where the advertisement is to appear. An example of what I

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mean is the Doubleday, Doran column "From Where I Sit" which appears next to Bennett Cerf's Trade Winds.

The tone of this column is usually light and conversational, but it is not always kidding. It fits its proximity to the bubbling Mr. Cerf perfectly. It talks neither above nor below, but to the reader. I believe it sells books or the Messrs. Doubleday, Doran would not continue to pay for it every week.

Another, even better, example is the advertising of Simon & Schuster. The few people I know to touch in the publishing business agree that S&S does clever and outstanding advertising. It seems never to penetrate, however, that they themselves can do the same thing—if they take a little trouble. It's simply that S&S have learned the cardinal virtue of treating different books different ways. Their advertising almost always reflects the content of the book it advertises and is aimed directly at the people to whom that type of book will mean most.

Henry Holt is another house which deserves garlands of praise, the only other house consistent enough in the excellence of its advertising to merit attention. Holt's left hand page at the beginning of each issue of the *SRL* is almost as important and interesting a feature of the magazine as any of its regular departments. Here again is advertising which is intelligent without being snobbish, friendly without being corny, tailored always to its subject. Holt's is one of the few book advertising campaigns where, after reading several ads, you feel an interest even in the publisher's balance sheet. It serves as an honest reminder of books you might otherwise miss, but it is not a shrill plea to buy. It is almost perfect.

It is almost perfect, but it doesn't reach enough people. Naturally, publishers must put the bulk of their advertising budgets to work in book sections, in magazines like the *SRL*, in trade papers. But couldn't they get out occasionally into the world of people who don't read books as shamelessly as book section readers? Couldn't they go after this new audience they talk about so longingly and stop waiting for it to come to them?

That to me is the crux of the whole book advertising problem. Books deserve more readers, but publishers will have to go and get them. A publisher's coöperative publicity program can do some good. An attempt by individual publishers to explore new fields, to take their ads off the book pages once in a while and put them on the sports pages or the movie pages where they can catch new eyes may do the rest. It's worth a try. Anything that can shake book advertising out of its present rut is worth a try.

SGT. AL HINE.

John Steinbeck Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out

JUST like dat ol' debbil, I guess there's a little Steinbeck in all of us and when I finished reading John's latest novel, "Cannery Row," it began to ooze out of me and I've let it run on to the page here and now you can have a look. When I started to write this story, I didn't think it was going to be this way, at all but the Steinbeck influence was on me and it had to be the way it is. You know how Steinbeck characters in his California novels are, of course. They ain't got a lick of sense or git-up about them, to coin a shining new phrase, but they're happy as all git-out and if you don't believe it, you're just an ulcerated old remnant of high-pressure living.

I hesitate to expose what follows to the public gaze, but as they drag me

—*Cpl. Irving Touster (Italy).*

away I'll go shouting that I'm not myself. The old mice and men and the "Cannery Row" gang have me and this is the way the Army looks to me now.

* * *

Early morning in Hut Area Five has magic in it. The black Nissen huts glisten in the pearl light of the early morning. On such a morning and at such a place, Private Irma Roper stretched lazily, told the Charge of Quarters to please leave him the hell alone, smoked a Marvel, got up, made his bunk, dressed and washed and then went over to the mess hall.

Irma had a girl's name but he was not a Wac. Just after Irma had been born his father, who always did the naming, had gotten stinking on bathtub gin and when they asked him to name the baby he was confused and said Irma. At least they think he said Irma. He might have just been belching. It didn't make much difference to Irma one way or the other. There was something wrong with his memory—he kept remembering things that hadn't happened yet and it was confusing to almost everyone he knew. Then, too, there was something wrong with his coördination and he often had trouble with his neckties. So he had gotten one of the boys to tie one for him and he had carefully slipped it on and off for about six months. It was a sort of rare brown now and the boys used it as a mirror when the washroom was filled up.

"Irma, stand still," they'd say, as they parted their hair, and Irma would smile. He liked to help people when he could find a way to do it.

Only First Sergeant Holman really understood Irma. Irma would creep into the orderly room every night to see if Sgt. Holman was there. If he wasn't, Irma would be very sad. The only thing which would keep him from sobbing in grief was to let him take a swallow or two of ink out of the big bottle on Sgt. Holman's desk. Later, he would put soap in his mouth and blow colored bubbles.

One of the big reasons the First Sergeant and Irma got along so well was that Irma liked KP. He would come in and look at Holman for a long time and then he would plead to be put on KP. Holman was big about it; he always did. Irma had had a little trouble learning how to do things at the mess hall but he was happy if he could wash plates and he would work all day without a rest except for meals. Once in a while he would forget to put soap in the water and then the plates would come out streaked and greasy but he didn't mind doing them over.

But to get back to the morning when Irma got up and went on KP again. He felt good that morning. There was a bird singing in a tree near the road as he walked to work. He took a rock and threw it at the bird. It was frightened and flew away. Then Irma was sorry he had done it.

At the mess hall, Irma ate and then went over to the sink. He waited impatiently for the plates he liked to wash so much. While he waited he talked to a baker named Felix.

Felix was a good baker except that he was always taking the cakes he made and soaking them in beer and cognac and eating them. He would get very happy then and, if no one watched him, he would pick up anything he found around the mess hall and mix it together to make a cake. The only time anyone ever really got mad at him was when the mess officer left his watch on a table and Felix put it in the oven in a cake batter he had made out of spam and sauerkraut.

But Felix understood Irma. When Irma was on KP he'd bring over a

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hunk of cake and stand near him. He would break off pieces of the cake and feed them to Irma. Big tears would come into Irma's eyes and roll down his cheeks and into the basin. Felix would smile and ask what was the matter.

Irma would look at him for a long time and then he would speak. "I love you," he would say.

It would have gone on like that and there would always have been Irma, the First Sergeant and Felix the baker, the centrifugality of the syllabus and the everlasting wonder. It could have gone on if the mess officer hadn't installed a China Clipper which cheated Irma out of a job.

"I was doing it all right, wasn't I?" he asked Felix, in his soft voice.

"Sure you were—sure," Felix said. "They just got the machine in, that's all."

"I did it all right. I only broke three plates the day before the thing arrived," Irma said.

There were tears in his eyes.

"Oh, God!" Felix said.

Irma sat and looked at the machine. The tears rolled down his cheeks and his eyes had a sort of a hurt look. They couldn't find him when time for dinner came and when they searched they found him burrowed in under the sacks of onions.

They brought him out and kept him away from the store rooms but Irma went from bad to worse. He would stand around for hours, mop in hand, watching the Clipper. He told Felix he was praying it would break down.

"Felix," he said one day, pleadingly, "it'll break, won't it, Felix?"

And because Felix was tired and hadn't gotten any brandy the night before to go with his beer, he grunted that he was certain it would go on washing plates forever. He shouldn't have said that because that must have been what made Irma do it.

The mess sergeant finally got worried about Irma watching the Clipper with his fixed stare so he assigned him to work on the machine. He hoped Irma would grow to admire the machine as much as he had liked washing the plates. Irma did the first few batches of plates all right. But he ceased work after he had put through the first few trays. He quit and looked at the machine. Before anyone could stop him he was ripping at the rollers and then beating and hammering at the machine with a broom stick. The medics came and took him down to the hospital and Felix went down to see him.

Felix took a big piece of cake and he fed it to Irma. It seemed to cheer Irma a lot and he ate and looked at Felix and smiled. Finally, it was time for Felix to go. Then Irma spoke. "Is the thing working now?" he asked.

—*Cpl. Art Gates.*

"What the hell do you mean you're glad we're not playing for keeps?"

"No, they had to send it away. They won't have it fixed for a number of weeks."

That made Irma happy. There were tears in his eyes and his jaw was quivering. As Felix started to go again, Irma grabbed his sleeve. Felix turned back toward him.

"What is it?" he asked.

Irma looked at him a long time. "I love you," he said.

Felix walked back toward the mess hall and he spoke aloud to the world, the wind, and himself:

Even then
The marble and onyx morning
Waited in silence over the far
dark tiger-trees, waited . . .
Even then
The spangled silvery dove
Drowned in the gray secret
Of the mother-sea . . .
Even then . . . Even then . . .*

The wind was blowing through the hedge by the side of the road and the cows roamed and chewed in the pasture beyond it. And just behind the hedge, a cat lay still and purred with a lazy but insistent sound.

SGT. W. F. CODY.

* *"Silver Dove," translated from the Old Persian by S. Samuel Abelow.*

Hymn To Mars

Chapman's Homer

MARS, most-strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots crack;
Never without a shield cast on thy back;
Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven;
Strong-handed, all arms, fort, and fence of heaven;
Father of victory with fair strokes given;
Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall
In unjust strifes a tyrant; general
Only of just men justly; that dost bear
Fortitude's sceptre; to heaven's fiery sphere
Giver of circular motion, between
That and the Pleiads that still wand'ring been,
Where thy still-vehemently-flaming horse
About the third heaven make their fiery course;
Helper of mortals; hear!—As thy fires give
The fair and present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light
That darts into their lives, from all their height,
The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight;
So would I likewise wish to have the pow'r
To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind,
Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind,
Controlling that so eager sting of wrath
That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe
Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen
(Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.

But O thou Ever-Blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act my will
Varied, as fits, to all occasion;
And to live free, unforc'd, unwrought upon,
Beneath those laws of peace that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust hurt, or loss to anyone;
And to bear safe the burthen undergone
Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates,
Secure from violent and harmful fates.

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SOLDIER = INDIVIDUAL

THE most depressing aspect of the crop of war novels and war plays now timidly appearing on the literary and dramatic horizon is their insistence on treating the soldier as a psychoneurotic case in the last stages of what must be, if their reflections are accurate and typical, a national paranoia.

Of course, as anyone who has slept more than one night in a barracks or even a guardhouse can testify, the reflections are neither accurate nor typical. Nonetheless, they are annoying. Enough of this "veteran problem" malarky has appeared, in magazine articles, in movies, in radio discussions, as well as in books and on the stage, to make for a very unhealthy approach by civilians to the discharged soldier who is unaware that he is a problem.

A recent issue of Mr. Luce's *Life* illustrated the appalling properties of a new plastic which retains, according to its scientist sponsors, something called "plastic memory." The plastic, say, is originally a cube. It may be molded to form a globe. But, as soon as heat enough to soften it is applied it flows back into its original cube form.

A not unsimilar sort of thing is happening and is going to happen to the civilian soldiers of our present Army. Most of them are only too anxious to flow back into their original forms of ordered but independent existence in a pin stripe suit or a pair of overalls. They are going to be surprised when they find that "mother-sweetheart-and-loved-ones" don't recognize this plastic property of theirs and expect them to exhibit as definite signs of psychic changes as if they had lost an eye or earned an amputation Purple Heart.

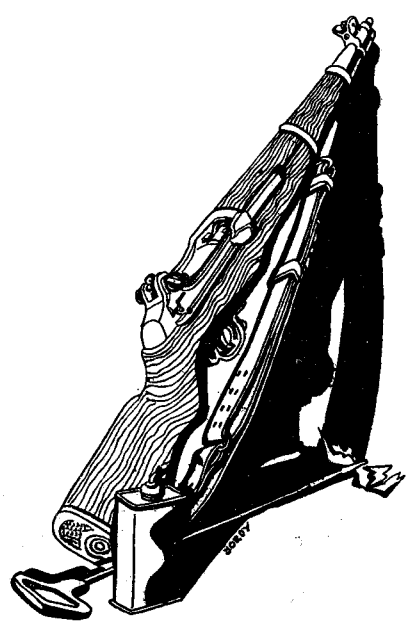
In saying all this I am not a cosy Pollyanna pretending that every soldier will come back the sweet kid he was when he received his Greetings. There *are* mental casualties as well as the physical casualties who will wear their dreadful evidence for all to see. Some men will come back worse, but some men will have been improved by their time in service. Most of them, and I advise the intelligent civilian to bank on this, will return substantially unchanged; they will have had new and often sharply terrible experiences, but most will be able to snap back and, without closing their minds to their war past, they will be able to accept and work in the peacetime future.

Is this the picture you get in the current output of war novels or war plays? No, except in a few of the honest fiction reports of combat and Bill Mauldin's "Up Front," the latter a book so far ahead of any other war writing that it is hardly worth mentioning in this discussion.

You find something called "The Brick Foxhole," a novel about as preposterous a set of characters as ever were left to wander beyond the confinement of the covers of Krafft-Ebing. I have been a garrison soldier in the U. S. and overseas, and have known and still know many garrison soldiers. Perhaps my eyes have been tightly closed during the past four Army years, but I have never met any GI who slightly resembled Richard Brooks's one-dimensional monsters.

Or you pick up another little charmer, very popular, too, "They Dream of Home." I am sure Niven Busch respects the veterans he is writing about. I would respect them, if I had ever met any of them. But here again, they are as foreign to the soldier I know as the Pacific where he may be serving is foreign to his home in Bird in Hand, Pa. They are all too special cases.

The same goes for the tortured marine in Lester Cohen's "Coming Home." The book is moralistic melodrama, which is all very well. But, coming at a time when the reading public needs, more than ever, an honest evaluation of what the returning soldier, sailor, or marine may be like, it serves up more putty. I cannot set myself up as a final authority on Mr. Cohen's marine, but I should be most interested in hearing the reactions of a representative jury of Guadal' survivors. I'm afraid they would be damning.



The stage and the cinema serve up an almost identical dish. On Broadway there is "Foxhole in the Parlor" and the movies treat us in "I'll Be Seeing You" to the spectacle of a girl con. Ginger Rogers, entangled in unbearably tender romance with Joseph Cotten, cast as a more than slightly off-balance soldier. There are things to be said on the credit side for both stage and cinema as well as for the novel, but they don't seem to cause the attention or bring forth the critical mutterings of "Oh, how true!" that the psycho epics do.

Now there is nothing wrong with the psychopathic in literature or any other art when it is plainly presented as the particular and not the typical. But that is just what these books and plays and movies fail to do. They have hit upon a wonderful attention getter in the "veteran's problem" and damned if they are going to let it go. Carson McCullers a few years back wrote a novel called "Reflections in a Golden Eye." It was not the book of the year by any means but it was a workmanlike and affecting study of neuroses in an Army camp in the South. At the time, nobody picked it up with cries of "This is the Army!" It was accepted for what it was, a study of an interesting and individual phenomenon. Why can't these psycho-war books be treated likewise?

It may not all be the fault of the authors. They may think they are representing isolated cases as such. But the publishers find it hard to resist the ballyhoo value of typicality and reviewers seem to find it easier to accept the characters as archetypes rather than as types. By the time the merry-go-round is well under way, most readers are mesmerized into thinking their Johnny will come back a killer sure, or, if not a killer, at least a dour and melancholic character, given to muttering in his sleep and lashing out at little sister with a cat o'nine tails.

Let's examine the soldier as I, a small minority in the midst of all the learned Freudians, have found him. Yes, he reads comic books. So do civilians, for comic books flourished, not exclusively on the juvenile trade, before the war.

But civilians read books and go to concerts and see plays and act civilized generally.

Well, in the Middle East, in Cairo,

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and in the shimmering, almost unbearable heat of southern Iran, GIs packed the wooden benches of open air theatres to hear Lily Pons sing to the accompaniment of a hastily assembled but far from unprofessional symphony orchestra of other GIs. In Panama, Yehudi Menuhin gave nine concerts, some of them in jungle positions, and every one was jammed. In the Pacific Maurice Evans produced a most successful "Macbeth" for a service audience. In Europe, soldiers turned out in force to see Miss Cornell's American Theatre Wing importation of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

In Iran, too, I must confess, I saw GIs boo a visiting songstress. In all fairness, she would probably have been booed by civilians.

Soldiers read, too, and they read as much as possible the same things they read when they were civilians. Some of them are branching out a little and reading more because war's cheapest commodity, time, is heavy on their hands.

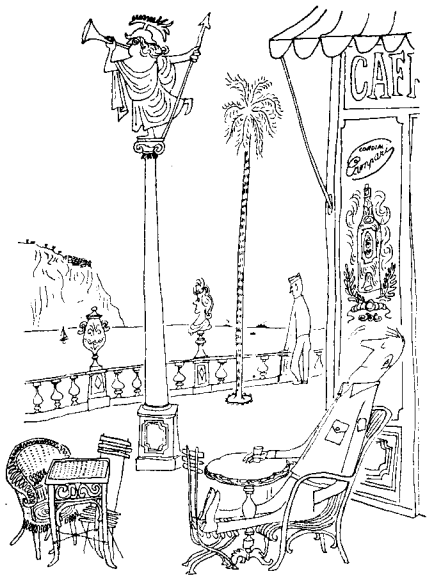
Evenings they sit in barracks or in tents or in service clubs and talk, and, in defiance of a mainstay of radio humor, they sometimes get the conversation away from women and liquor. Sometimes it's as elevated as the conversation in back of the firehouse in Salem, Ohio, and sometimes it's on a par with "Information Please." The thing that strikes you most, the more you listen, is its resemblance to civilian conversation. Sometimes, very naturally, it's the conversation of civilians who have been pressed into a new mold, subjected in a short time to experiences enough for a dozen lifetimes. But there's always the background of what the speakers were and the other background of their longing to be home.

They want to go home and to pick up the old threads. They don't want to kill or foam at the mouth or twitch for a politely admiring audience. Some of them want things the same as they left them, others want changes and improvements. There are conservative soldiers and liberal soldiers and radical soldiers just as there were similar civilians when all these men were out of uniform.

It is a grave injustice to oversell the veteran as a problem. Some veterans will be. Some civilians are. Don't try to force the discharged soldier into a strange shape to conform to a literary pattern. Accept him as the man he was when he left. Nine times out of ten, if he does prove himself different, he will prove himself better.

This man coming home isn't a "veteran." He is an individual and he likes to be treated as such.

A. H.



—Drawing by Steinberg, from the book.

Steinberg's Drawings

ALL IN LINE. By Saul Steinberg. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. $2.50.

Reviewed by SGT. RALPH STEIN

THE publishers have put together a volume of Saul Steinberg's drawings. And very fine and funny drawings they are.

The first part of the book consists of drawings made before Steinberg was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Navy and went overseas. These first drawings which he did for *PM* and *The New Yorker* are not the equal of those in the latter part of the book. The earlier drawings have a somewhat annoying cuteness and a feeling that the artist was perhaps trying to be "Oh-So-Delightfully-Mad." The later stuff, however, is superb. Steinberg has gotten away from his own cliches of microscopically tiny animals and children, curly gadgets hung upon gadgets, and other self-conscious whimsies. His drawings of Italy, Africa, China, and India are not only gay and clever; they are a wonderful sort of shorthand catalogue of geographical experience. More than any paintings or photographs, these simple, almost diagramatic sketches give an excruciatingly concise picture of a square in Italy, a sampan in China, or a billet in India. Not only has the artist managed to convey this feeling of locale and the strange circumstances of Americans stationed where no American in his right mind would ever choose to go, but he has made the whole business insanely funny.

It is this very insanity of ideas, characters, and simplicity of execution which have been so much aped by people who have nothing to offer but a shallowly calculated imitative eccentricity. The extreme simplicity of Steinberg's work is no mere studied childishness but the refined economy of deliberate understatement. This first book of his should be a gold mine for his readers as well as his imitators.

—Drawing by Steinberg, from the book.

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NORMAN COUSINS, *Editor, Saturday Review of Literature.* "If one word was all that could be used to describe the quality that sets ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE above the others in the mystery field, that word would probably be 'distinction.' By 'distinction' I mean a magazine that knows what good writing is and knows how and where to get it. If Queen's Magazine isn't the finest in its field, it's the world's greatest mystery what is."

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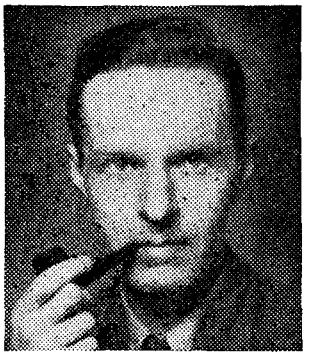

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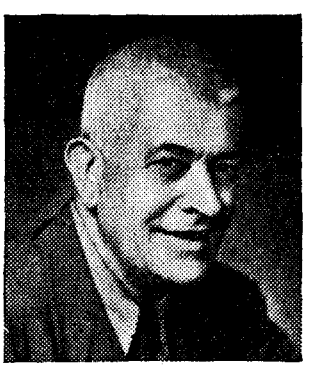

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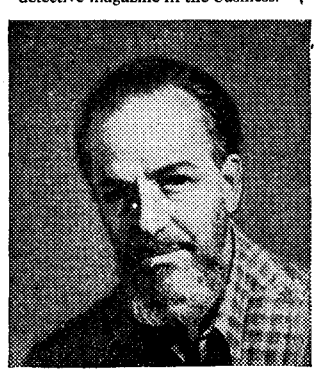

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Now, Now, Mr. Jones

SIR: In *The Saturday Review* for June 16, Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard University reviews "Dragon Harvest" and takes occasion to assign to its author his very low place in the scale of American literature. This is a procedure with which I have been all too familiar during my fifty years as a professional writer. I have always answered where answer has been permitted, and I trust that it may be permitted in this case. I will not ask for a full page and a half as Professor Jones has done.

He says: "This is bad prose." He gives the reason that it "has too palpable a design upon us." He then proceeds to quote four paragraphs of dialogue cited "as a transcript of human talk." He fails to give the reader any hint as to when, where, or how this "human talk" took place. As it happens, in the story a secret agent is engaged in getting his way with a Nazi propagandist who poses as a patriotic American. The secret agent is watching his victim, and every word is being carefully chosen for a precise purpose other than that represented. The victim also is watchful, and the talk is very far removed from ordinary casual "human talk." Can it be that my "design" at this point of the story was not "palpable" enough for Professor Jones?

Again I am rebuked because I take three words to tell my readers the meaning of a French phrase, *"la vie à trois."* It just so happens that there are tens of millions of Americans who do not know French and German, and I am not ashamed to write for these persons. On the contrary, I am a little bit ashamed when I get letters, as I frequently do, complaining because something that I have written is over the heads of such persons. I ask, is no American permitted to write for the American masses, but must we all write for the Harvard professors?

Professor Jones's method of reviewing "Dragon Harvest" has been to go through seven hundred pages and pick out a number of the worst passages that he can find and point out their faults. I ask him to consider what he could do with, say "Dombey and Son" by that method. Or with "David Copperfield," or "A Tale of Two Cities." Consider what he could do with "Vanity Fair," or even with one of Tolstoy's novels, or one of Balzac's. When he had done it, how much would he have accomplished, and how many people would he have deterred from reading these books?

Professor Jones has taken note of the fact that my books are widely read in foreign countries. He gives the stock explanation that "Mr. Sinclair has painted American life as Europeans like to think of it." He fails to mention that my reputation in Europe has been sustained by writers such as Georg Brandes and Romain Rolland. I am struck by the fact that, referring to the jacket of "Dragon Harvest," your reviewer mentions "printed encomiums on Mr. Sinclair by persons as various as Gertrude Atherton, Claude G. Bowers, and Albert Einstein." I wonder just why the names of George Bernard Shaw and Thomas Mann were omitted from this citation. Is it not worth noting that England's leading writer and Germany's leading writer unite in their praise of books which deal with England and Germany even more than they do with America?

Incidentally, Professor Jones is not very fortunate in his choice of books to justify his thesis about my reputation abroad. He cites "The Brass Check," which has been very little translated, being too long, too detailed, and too local. He cites "Mammonart," which deals almost entirely with European culture—a total of one hundred out of its one hundred and eleven chapters. The eleven American writers who are dealt with near the end of the book are nearly all praised and recommended.

With this letter, I send you a forty-eight-page pamphlet entitled: "Books of Upton Sinclair in Translations and Foreign Editions. A bibliography of 772 titles in forty-seven languages, thirty-nine countries. 2nd edition, August 1938." Pass this on to your reviewer, and ask him to answer three questions which are asked with all due respect for his undoubtedly great scholarship. 1. Can he name any living writer anywhere in the world who can establish a record such as this? 2. Can he name any American writer of any time who has ever equalled it? 3. Does he know of any American writer who achieved international fame during his or her lifetime and who no longer holds a position of regard in our literature? I ask this last question in all sincerity, because I write with posterity in my thoughts, and I have read Voltaire's cruel saying that "letters addressed to posterity seldom reach their destination."

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.

—Sgt Douglas Borgstedt.

"We thawed the ink out okay, Colonel, but Cominsky froze up again."

Exception Taken

SIR: A gift-horse, says the proverb, is a good animal, no matter what the condition of its teeth. Perhaps, then, I shouldn't complain of the adverse comments in the pleasant review of my book, "Fate and Freedom," by my friend Thurman Arnold which recently appeared in your journal.

However, I'm not quite content to let Thurman use my book as a substitute for a soap-box. He reminds me of the man in the old story who, at a funeral, said that, if no one had any remarks to make about the deceased, he would talk about free silver. So Thurman as to anti-trust laws and monopoly.

He knows perfectly well that I am in general accord with his anti-trust program; that, because, while I was in government service—in A.A.A. and S.E.C.—I fought monopolistic practices, I was often the recipient of abuse from monopolizers. Since, in "Fate and Freedom," the subject of monopoly was not germane, I there (briefly summarizing and citing other

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of my writings on that subject) merely said that, in some (not all) areas of our economy, probably there would be relatively little competition. But Thurman, by misinterpreting that passage and thus ascribing to me a belief in the inevitability of monopoly, gave himself the opportunity to make a stump speech on his favorite theme.

That's not so bad; Thurman will be Thurman, for which, on the whole, we should be thankful. But he did more. He was able, by that irrelevance, to escape considering a problem which, immediately following that passage, I presented, a problem in which I shall here briefly restate in terms of the trust-busters' ideal:

Suppose Thurman Arnold & Co. succeed so far as they reasonably expect to do. Nevertheless, the workers of this country, who, together with their families, probably comprise a majority of Americans, will never run their own individual business enterprises. This huge segment of our citizenry will be employees but a handful of whom will ever exercise individual initiative in economic activities. If, then, we believe that democracy means freedom and that freedom entails an opportunity for all persons to enjoy individual initiative, where can this large body of Americans enjoy such freedom?

To ignore that problem is, I think, to write oneself down something of a snob, not a democrat. I don't think Thurman is a snob. I do think he delights in talking about anti-trust, and that, being an artful talker, he has almost talked himself into believing that it can cure corns, baldheadedness, halitosis, and virtually all other human ills. I can't quite agree. Can you?

JEROME N. FRANK.

New York, N. Y.

"Problem Children"

SIR: While catching up on my *Saturday Reviews* (the exigencies of overseas mail service often result in my getting several at a time), I read with keen interest and approval the Strictly Personal article by William S. Lynch ("Home Fears Burning") and the related editorial by Harrison Smith entitled "A Little Sanity, Please!" (April 28, 1945).

I have been in the Naval service almost two years, fifteen months of which have been spent at a vital shore station outside the continental limits of the United States. I mention this because when one lives among enlisted men away from home for a year and a half to two years at a time, his understanding of the social, psychological, and physiological attitudes of his shipmates becomes sharpened. Particularly is this true when the observer happens to be an ex-pedagogue from the high schools of New York City.

I have come in contact with sailors of all types and experience—some who have been in naval engagements in European or/and Asiatic waters, some who have been strafed or torpedoed or mined, some who have been caught in various other cross-fires of danger of which this war has so many. But most of the service men here, including me, have seen no actual combat activity, even though the manifestations of war are always around us.

The average sailor (and that means the overwhelming majority, including many who have seen action) seems to me to be a perfectly normal individual who accepts with comparative equanimity the regimentation imposed upon him by circumstances admittedly beyond his control, who is bored after working hours because he has more leisure time than he has been accustomed to or has been trained to utilize, who loves the normal forms of recreation, including the movies (even the war pictures!), and who goes ashore approximately once every seven or ten days "just to get away from it all." And, more than ever, he wants to go home. He is as much of a psychological problem now as he was prior to induction, and there is little wrong with him that a civilian suit will not remedy—at least until the sheen of the glamor has worn off. While occasionally there is some mild resentment towards civilians en masse, essentially it springs from envy rather than personal spleen or malice. But, oddly enough, a sailor who today may yearn aloud the traditional "I wanna go home," tomorrow may put in a request for sea duty on a ship headed for the South Pacific.

I am not at all disturbed about the psychological "problem children" among those service men who have been uninjured or slightly injured, or who have not been in sustained combat operations. My belief is that there are relatively few such cases, those existing being treated by the medical authorities in accordance with prescribed medical methods. There is little or nothing wrong with most of our servicemen—even the battle-shocked and injured—that proper medical care, an opportunity to return to interrupted education or jobs, to sweethearts or wives, to a peaceful, secure, wholesome life, will not correct either in whole or in part. I am afraid of people like Archibald Rutledge who try to clothe service men in haloes. Life is tough enough as it is. I can't help wondering whether this gentleman is not ultra-naive or indulging in some personal or professional ax-grinding.

It seems to me that the greatest error committed towards the service man has been the neglect of his democratic education. A valuable opportunity to teach him something of the true import of democracy, the fundamental nature of dictatorships, the virulence of fascism or Nazism wherever it may happen to be, the real meaning of Americanism, the interdependence of the world, this has been overlooked or regarded with relative indifference. I hope that I am not classed as a cynic when I say that a service man may return to a job and a girl and the comforts of home, for which he hungrily yearns, and still be, wittingly or unwittingly, a tool in the hands of the unscrupulous politicians, the rabble-rousers, the race-prejudiced, the various native but un-American organizations which still exist, actually or potentially, in the land we want to go back to. A good opportunity has been muffed, and I sincerely hope that this neglect does not recoil to the detriment of the American people and her allies. It would be a catastrophe indeed if World War II proved to be but the prelude to greater—and more evil—things and if our dead have died in vain.

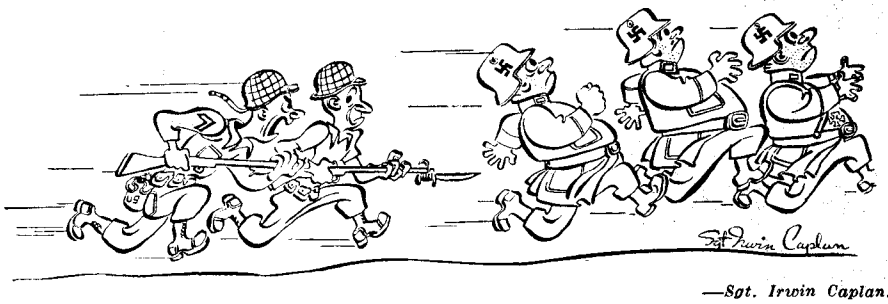
JACOB C. SOLOVAY, Y2c, USNR.

Documentary Films

SIR: By a happy coincidence I had the good fortune to see in the morning one of the War Department films, Number 7 in the series "Why We Fight," entitled "War Comes to America," and to receive in the afternoon my copy of the May 19 issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* containing the editorial by Norman Cousins, "Suggestion to Writers." He says, in part: ". . . keep a complete file of newspapers from June, 1933 right up through the present. You will need to refresh your memory every once in a while, especially when there is a tendency in the years ahead to equate the guilt for World War II."

It occurred to me that it would be so much more effective as education to require high-school and college students to see the full "Why We Fight" series over a period of years and to give it the widest public publicity now and in the years following the end of the war. Despite important omissions (the Spanish Civil War, for example, is scarcely glanced at), it seems to me the most condensed, graphic, and dramatic presentation of the "facts" to come out of this war.

S/SGT. SEYMOUR BETSKY.



—Sgt. Irwin Caplan.

"When I think of all the time I spent in basic training creeping and crawling it makes me sick."

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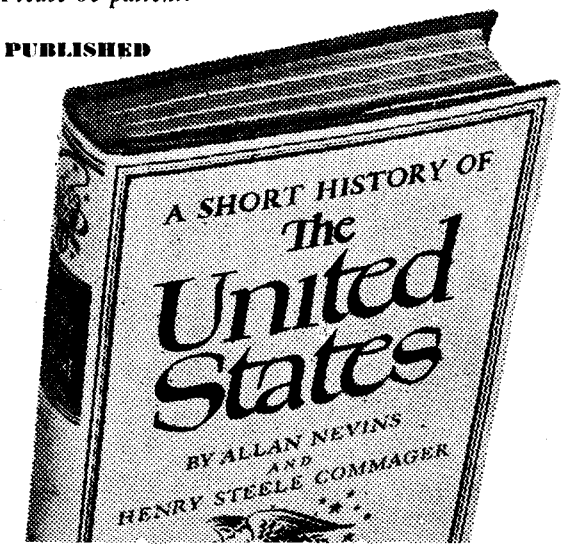

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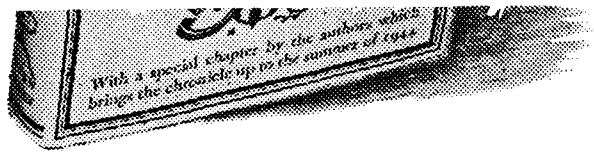

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TRADE Winds

Sgt. Joe McCarthy

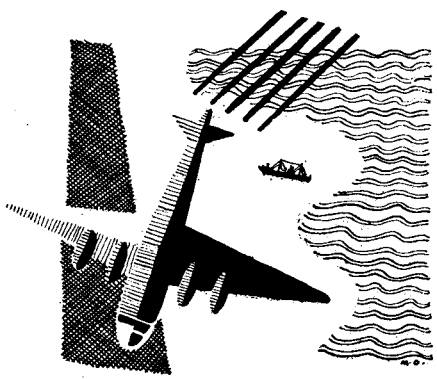
WHEN I JOINED the Army by request back in the early days of 1941, I expected it to take me to a lot of strange places. But I never expected it to throw me into Bennett Cerf's column in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. If I could only sneak a note out to my wife maybe she would send me a pie with a saw inside it. I wish to God I knew how to fill up this space with words like Mr. Cerf does. Mr. Cerf usually writes anecdotes and news about his friends in the book business. The only friend I have who ever had anything to do with the book business is Sgt. Bill Estoff of *The Stars and Stripes*. The Army removed Sgt. Estoff from the Corps of Engineers and assigned him to its daily newspaper in Europe because his previous experience as the proprietor of a book establishment in Syracuse, N. Y., was recorded on his classification card. It wasn't until several months later that somebody discovered that Sgt. Estoff's book establishment did not deal in fiction and non-fiction. It booked bets on horses.

LATER, in the winter and spring of 1944 when Sgt. Estoff was serving as the circulation manager of *Stars and Stripes* in Italy, he actually did become a book maker in the Random House, rather than the Belmont Park, sense of the term. He formed a company in partnership with Sgt. Bill Mauldin, author of the currently popular Book-of-the-Month Club selection, "Up Front," for the purpose of putting together, in answer to popular GI demand, a slim paper-bound collection of Sgt. Mauldin's earlier *Forty-Fifth Division News* and *The Stars and Stripes* cartoons under the title of "Mud, Mules and Mountains."

Professional publishers would be interested in Sgt. Estoff's stirring account of his business negotiations with the shrewd, but not quite shrewd enough, Neapolitan printer who handled the job. It concludes with Sgt. Estoff's description of how he finally lost his patience the day that this Shylock came around to present his bill. "I kicked him on the ankle," Sgt. Estoff says. A week later the printer limped back to Sgt. Estoff's office with a second bill, timidly calling for one-half of the original preposterous demand. He collected his money and fled. At twenty-five lire per copy, "Mud, Mules and Mountains" sold like rayon stockings in Naples and rapidly became a collector's item. Most of the GIs mailed the cartoon book home because they felt it conveyed far more effectively than their censored letters the real mood of the Italian campaign. Sgt. Mauldin worked overtime autographing with his cramped left-handed scrawl individual copies for this father, that sweetheart, and those sisters back in the States.

ONE EVENING Sgt. Estoff, carrying three copies of "Mud, Mules and Mountains," approached his partner. "Sign these for some friends of mine," he said. "Put in this first one 'To Ike from Bill'." Sgt. Mauldin did as he was told and also hurriedly autographed the other two books while Sgt. Estoff dictated, "To Omar from Bill" and "To Harry from Bill." Then without giving the matter another thought, he turned back to work on the next morning's *Stars and Stripes* cartoon of Joe and Willie. A few weeks later the startled and embarrassed Sgt. Mauldin received a letter from Dwight D. Eisenhower expressing thanks for the autographed book. In the next mail there were similarly grateful notes from Omar Bradley and General Eisenhower's aide, Captain Harry Butcher. . . .

SGT. MAULDIN and Sgt. Estoff were not the first *Stars and Stripes* men to turn toward an extra-curricular publishing venture in attempt to gain some compensation for the inadequacy of their Army pay. In "A. Woollcott: His Life and His World," Samuel Hopkins Adams tells how Pvt. Harold Ross—now the editor of *The New Yorker*—took time off from his duties as managing editor of the 1918 *Stars and Stripes* in Paris and established the Lafayette Publishing Company which cleared $3,000 on a soldier joke book called "Yank Talk." Mr. Adams mentions the difficulty Pvt. Ross found in trying to prepare such a joke book, consisting largely of dialogue, in Paris where most of the print shops, of course, had no quotation marks. Pvt. Ross was forced to borrow quotation marks from the Paris edition of the *London Daily Mail*. Mr. Adams neglected to add, however, that the *Daily Mail* needed its quotation marks every night for the next day's press run. Pvt. Ross could have them only for a few hours during the day. He would rush across Paris in a cab, pick up the precious quotation marks, rush them to his own plant, and knock off a few pages of "Yank Talk." Then he would hurry them back across town again to make the *Daily Mail's* first edition. The quotation marks must have been glad when the war was over. . . .



WHILE WE'RE DISCUSSING *The Stars and Stripes*, I'd like to take time out to answer once and for all here in public print a question that civilians have asked me and other soldier journalists at least 23,567 times in the last six months. That question is, "What is the difference, bub, between *The Stars and Stripes* and *Yank*?" In a few words, the difference between *The Stars and Stripes* and *Yank* is roughly the same as the difference between the *New York Post* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. The first is a newspaper and the second is a weekly illustrated magazine. There are other differences, too. At the moment there are four distinct and separate Army newspapers bearing the name *The Stars and Stripes*. One is a European *The Stars and Stripes* which prints daily editions in France, Britain, and Germany. Then there is the daily Mediterranean *The Stars and Stripes* in Rome and the weekly Middle East *The Stars and Stripes* in Cairo. The fourth *The Stars and Stripes* is a new daily paper in the Pacific which had not yet started publication when this was written. *Yank*, on the other hand, is one big global magazine with one main editorial headquarters in New York and fifteen subsidiary foreign editions all over the world. Civilians are always speaking of *The Stars and Stripes* and *Yank* as though they were bitter competitors. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Their correspondents work and live together in perfect harmony overseas because the aims and needs of the two publications are completely different. *Yank* doesn't want the kind of news copy *The Stars and Stripes* editor demands and the *Stars and Stripes* isn't interested in *Yank's* type of lengthy illustrated magazine article. . . .

ONE OF THE FEW Army writers who has worked both for *Yank* and for

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The Stars and Stripes is Irwin Shaw who also works for *The New Yorker* and Random House as a short story writer and for various theatrical producers as a playwright. In 1943 Shaw turned up in Africa as a private first class in the Signal Corps with orders to write a documentary moving picture for the War Department. Somehow, through no fault of Pfc. Shaw, the film project never materialized and he spent a year roaming around Cairo and Algiers, alone and apparently forgotten. First *The Stars and Stripes* and then *Yank* officially requested his transfer from the Signal Corps so that he could stop his aimless wanderings and become an Army journalist in more than name only but each time the Signal Corps refused to let him go.

In Cairo, Pfc. Shaw became embroiled in a lengthy exchange of cables with his agent, Leland Hayward, concerning his financial rights to the RKO movie, "The Commandos Strike at Dawn." Seems that Pfc. Shaw had written the picture on a percentage basis before he entered the Army and, because it was doing well, RKO wanted to buy him out. They kept cabling him through the Hayward office, offers of five figures and Pfc. Shaw kept cabling back, holding out for more. This exchange of cables was a little bit too much for the Army censors in Cairo to understand. Why would a lowly private first class be receiving and rejecting such tremendous offers of money? They turned the matter over to Intelligence. Pfc. Shaw discovered later that for a period of many weeks, thanks to RKO, he was suspected of being a smuggler of *hasheesh* and other narcotic drugs. Later Pfc. Shaw returned to the States and *Yank* made another attempt to snare him. The Signal Corps fixed the matter once and for all by making him a warrant officer, knowing that *Yank* allows only enlisted men on its staff.

LIKE *THE STARS AND STRIPES* of the First World War, which included Alexander Woolcott and F.P.A. on its staff, the present Army publications have had their share of colorful characters. Not the least of them is Sgt. George Braidwood "The Real" McCoy, a former radio sidewalk interviewer and a member of the Broadway mob which Walter Winchell calls Our Set, who until recently was connected with the Mediterranean *Stars and Stripes*. Sgt. McCoy also conducted sidewalk interviews of GIs under Mussolini's balcony on the Piazza Venezia for the Army radio station in Rome, which he usually opened by glancing at the crowd of American soldiers gathered around his mike and inquiring: "Is there anyone here from out of town?"

Cpl. Tom Shehan wrote a series of semi-fictional pieces in *Yank* about the exploits of McCoy, thinly disguising him under the name of "Braidwood McManus." But McCoy's former cronies, now scattered over the far corners of the earth in uniform, recognized him immediately. One of them in the Pacific, Cpl. Duncan Underhill, wrote to Cpl. Shehan: "If you get at Braidwood again, ask him about the good old days when Pat O'Brien was living in what he described as a flower pot on 47th Street. And prod him about Clark Twelvetrees who once fell through the roof of a taxicab in Times Square from the twelfth floor of the Hotel Claridge and asked the cabby, 'What's on the meter?'"

Sgt. McCoy's exact connection with *The Stars and Stripes* was always vague although he ate and slept there regularly. Sometimes he worked in the circulation department and once when he was temporarily assigned to the library, he said he was doing editorial work.

"But George," said a bystander, pointing to the masthead on *The Stars and Stripes* editorial page, "your name isn't listed here with all the other editors and writers."

"No," said Sgt. McCoy. "I come á la carte."

SGT. JOE MCCARTHY.

"From where I sit"

FOR A WHILE it looked as if they were hanging Major-General **DAN SICKLES** in the morning, but the formidable battery of lawyers and the Victorian indignation of the crowd who defended him turned a case of murder with a Colt and a Derringer into a diatribe against adultery from which the general emerged a hero.

That was in 1859. **Dan Sickles,** born ten years after Lincoln, lived and loved on to become a *Hero of Gettysburg, Yankee King of Spain,* the intimate of women and presidents; the man who could turn political defeat into diplomatic coup: the man who slept in both prisons and palaces; the man who packed nearly a century with fierce, amorous, brave, fantastic actions; the Yankee who, hampered by crutches and one leg, threw the crafty Jay Gould out the window into a bed of violets.

EDGCUMB PINCHON (author of the successful *Zapata* and *Viva Villa*) tells the incredible story of the nonagenarian **Dan Sickles** in the rich, elaborate prose of the handlebar mustache.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BACK TO the cheering crowds, from whom they departed for hell in comparative obscurity, come the heroes who may well become **Generals in the White House.** Yank tradition has firmly imbued us with the idea that it is dangerous to give military men political power, yet we have had nine **Generals in the White House,** and the letters AMG have been added to our twentieth century alphabet. Yank tradition has firmly prejudiced us against the idea of compulsory military training, yet this nation, which has squeezed its body into foxholes from Iwo to Aachen, is recognizing that dentists as well as grouse-shooters are needed to make an army. Like human nature, Yank opinion changes with the changing world. If you want to know about the future of the younger generation, if you want to take a peek at the 1948 bandwagon—or if you just happen to wonder why Grant took a nosedive, read **Generals in the White House.**

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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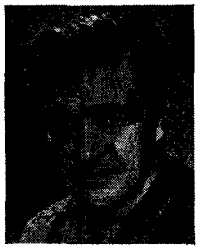
Seeing Things

HERE TODAY....



Sgt. Richard Harrity

THE more I hear people say the American theatre is dead the more I'm reminded of my Aunt Bridget and a description she once gave of a neighbor of hers in Ireland. "She was a woman," Aunt Bridget said, "who would wait by her window for a hearse to pass by, then run upstairs, dash into a black dress and rush out to pour her doubtful comfort into every willing ear. We called her," Aunt Bridget concluded, "Bessie the Buzzard."

Now the only difference between Aunt Bridget's neighbor and those who mourn the passing of the American theatre is that the latter do not even wait for the body to grow cold before sending up a wail which sounds something like this:

1. The theatre is too commercial . . . it won't experiment.
2. Hollywood steals all the first-rate actors and ruins the good playwrights.
3. The critics are too tough.
4. The theatre is dead.

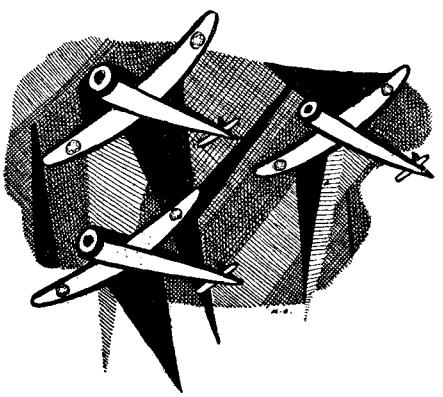
Let's look at the first chorus in this hackneyed keen, which is that chestnut about the theatre being too commercial. When hasn't it been, I would like to know? It was commercial in Shakespeare's day and while the Virgin Queen acted as a part-time angel, the Bard undoubtedly spent many an anxious hour in the Globe's box-office counting the take on his plays. It was commercial in Molière's time, too, and although he had the blessings of the court and the church at various periods, the harassed Frenchman always had to woo the backing of the public. Finally, it was and is commercial in George Bernard Shaw's time, and if you don't believe me, ask the Theatre Guild, which produces the great but hard-bargaining Irishman's plays.

The reason the theatre is commercial is painfully obvious. So far no one has ever figured out a way to eat a succès d'estime. A play does not fulfill its primary purpose unless it reaches a large audience which pays cash on the line for the privilege of seeing it. There are exceptions, of course, but in the main a good play always manages to pay its way. Perhaps the best proof of this is the case of Ibsen. The master had something vital and revolutionary to say and although the drawing rooms of the nineteenth century resounded with excoriations of his work and the critics damned him all over the place, Ibsen, after the early days, never lacked for kroner to set himself a tasty smörgåsbord and provide the necessary aquavit to wash it down.

As to the claim that the commercial theatre won't experiment, let's look at some of the more noteworthy departures from the dramatic norm during the past score of seasons and assay the truth of this charge.

Eugene O'Neill heads the experimental list with "The Great God Brown," Strange Interlude," and "Mourning Becomes Electra," to mention but three. Thornton Wilder concocted a couple in "Our Town" and "The Skin of Our Teeth." And George Bernard Shaw offered "Back to Methuselah," which was the experiment to end all experiments.

Other plays which should certainly be included in this category are: John Howard Lawson's "Processional"; Elmer Rice's "The Adding Machine"; George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly's "Beggar On Horseback"; Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author"; Philip Barry's "White Wings" and "Hotel Universe"; Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom"; Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal"; Karel Capek's "R.U.R."; Clifford Odets's "Waiting for Lefty"; William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" and "My Heart's in the Highlands"; Franz Werfel's "The Goat Song"; Sidney Howard's "Yellow Jack"; Paul Green's "Johnny Johnson"; Robert Ardrey's "Thunder Rock"; Sean O'Casey's "Within the Gates"; Howard Richardson and William Berney's "Dark of the Moon," and Tennessee Williams's "The Glass Menagerie."



Now these plays were certainly experiments insofar as the financial risks involved were concerned. Were they put on then by esthetes, who were only interested in fostering art for art's sake, let the chips fall where they may? Here's the list of sponsors and you be the judge:

The Theatre Guild was responsible for ten; the Group Theatre, four; Winthrop Ames, three; Eddie Dowling, two; Brock Pemberton, Robert Edmond Jones and Kenneth Macgowan, Louis J. Singer, Guthrie McClintic, Jed Harris, Arthur Hopkins, Michael Myerberg, John Tuerk and John Bushar, and the Messrs. Shubert, one apiece.

Save for that experiment, noble in purpose, the Group Theatre, which bucked the Broadway set-up and failed, and Winthrop Ames, who is no longer with us, I doubt that any of the other producers listed above would object to being classified as members in good standing of the commercial, or what is perhaps more to the point, professional theatre.

On the other hand, the art theatres as a whole have played their experiments pretty close to the vest. While there's no disputing the fact that the Group, Provincetown Players, Washington Square Players, the Mercury, WPA Theatre Project, the Hedgerow, The Pasadena Playbox, the Equity Library Theatre, and one or two others have made invaluable contributions, the great majority of so-called art theatres, scattered in profusion all over the country, have been content to produce the run of the mill plays of the above-mentioned drama merchants rather than their riskier experiments. So let's hear no more of that one for a while.

* * *

Which brings us to the howl about Hollywood stealing all the competent actors. Investigating the case of the Great Ham Robbery we find, however, that while the Hollywood pirates have made many successful onslaughts, they have not completely captured and sacked Westphalia. As proof, few seasons have provided more satisfying performances than the following given on Broadway this year:

Oscar Homolka and Mady Christians, two parolees from pictures, giving splendid histrionic accounts of themselves in "I Remember Mama"; ditto Fredric March and Everett Sloane in "A Bell for Adano"; Frank Fay, who came to Broadway via vaudeville, contributing a delightful performance to Mary Chase's "Harvey"; Hilda Simms and Frederick O'Neal doing excellent jobs in "Anna Lu-

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FLASH! LACE IS CAPTURED AND BOUND

Up to now it's Miss Lace who has been capturing and captivating millions of American generals ("general" being Lace's word for any G.I.). But now Lace herself has been taken and bound—between book covers. The name of the book is, of course, **MALE CALL.**

In case any civilians are listening, we should explain that **MALE CALL** (featuring the effortless war activities of Miss Lace) is Milton Caniff's* exuberant GI comic strip that has been running in over 2,000 official service papers. And that Lace has also appeared on numerous planes, tanks, and jeeps that have gone into battle bearing her name. The book, **MALE CALL,** features Miss Lace, in 112 collected well—er—strips.

***Caniff is, of course, creator of *Terry and the Pirates:* All his royalties, as well as all publisher's profits on MALE CALL are being turned over to Army Emergency Relief. Price $1.00. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers**

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JAMES
CAGNEY
SYLVIA SIDNEY
BLOOD ON THE SUN
Produced by WILLIAM CAGNEY
With PORTER HALL · JOHN EMERY
ROSEMARY DE CAMP · JOHN HALLORAN
ROBERT ARMSTRONG · WALLACE FORD
Directed by FRANK LLOYD
Released thru United Artists

In Person
Radio's Favorite Music
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And His "YOUR HIT PARADE" ORCHESTRA
ROSE MARIE
America's Newest Singing Star
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You'll cheer! As Peggy Ann Garner, who stole your heart as "Francie" in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn," emerges as one of the greatest stars of our time.
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IT'S SUPER ENTERTAINMENT— BUT DEF!
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ARTKINO presents
THE LAST HILL
Mighty Epic of Sevastopol
Produced in the USSR
AIR COOLED STANLEY 7th Ave. bet. 42d & 41st STS.

NOW IS THE TIME
TO BUY
THAT EXTRA BOND

casta"; Margaret Sullavan, Elliot Nugent, Audrey Christie, Betty Field, and Florence Rice doing all right at various times by "The Voice of The Turtle"; Paul Robeson, Jose Ferrer, and Uta Hagen playing "Othello" with distinction; and Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross giving what the critics agree is one of the finest samples of ensemble acting in the last decade.

The answer then to the charge that Hollywood robs Broadway of all its capable actors boils down to this: when a good play comes along, the Broadway producers always manage to cast it, and cast it well, come hell and high water, come Hollywood and Hershey.

When it comes to dealing with the second part of the gripe against Hollywood and its ruination of playwrights, I will mount my favorite hobby horse for a short ride. What in the name of William Archer has ever ruined any playwright since the first miracle play was presented except the playwright himself?

Hollywood hasn't ruined Eugene O'Neill or Sean O'Casey to mention but two.

* * *

The critics are too tough . . . this cry, like the poor play, is always with us. The ears of bad actors, pot-boiling playwrights, and misguided producers are allergic to it. But is there a mass of evidence to back up the charge? According to the aforesaid characters, yes; according to a study of critical writing during the past quarter of a century, no. For example, let's select a charter member of the critical society as a symbol. Let's take as a critic one who has been occupying an aisle seat the longest and one who has always been the first to grab his nose at the first whiff of Limburger in the theatre, George Jean Nathan.

To hear his detractors describe him, Mr. Nathan is a Broadway werewolf who would barbecue a baby if he heard it coo off-key, and an ill-natured man who would have sniffed at the Resurrection had he witnessed it after a badly prepared meal. Brushing aside the Billingsgate, what these boyos mean is that Mr. Nathan does not compromise and his critical standards are high, which is just where any self-respecting critic's should be.

Just before I entered the Army some three years ago, a friend gave me a complete set of the old *American Mercury* for which Mr. Nathan performed a critical chore each month. On rereading those papers about the American theatre in the twenties and early thirties I found this alleged critical

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NOW HOLLYWOOD THEATRE

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Conflict
LOUIS PRIMA
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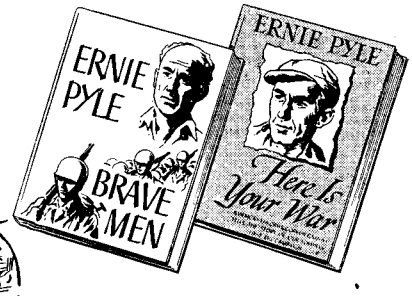
A motion picture as big as Ernie's own heart

ERNIE PYLE . . . the simple warm soul remembered and loved up and down the fighting lines . . . lives again in this screen story. Based on his true, human experiences as told in "Here Is Your War" and "Brave Men"



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A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
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Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
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OKLAHOMA
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MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA., B'way at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
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EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.
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BROCK PEMBERTON presents—PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
44th ST. THEATRE, W. of By. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
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Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY
Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

blackguard giving encouragement and a helping hand to men of talent time after time after time. On the other hand, he has always pummeled pretentious playwrights trying to sneak by on the strength of good intentions, thereby rendering the theatre a great and valuable service. In short, if Mr. Nathan's worst enemy wrote a great play, he'd be the first to hail it, and if his best friend penned a bad one, he'd be the first to denounce it. Which has nothing to do with toughness or softness, but is purely a matter of critical integrity.

Of the younger critics, John Mason Brown, proprietor of this soap box, is another observer who possesses taste and discernment and sound critical judgment. It strikes me that he, too, is forever seeking a miracle in the theatre while steadfastly refusing to be fooled by a mirage.

I think this holds true, for the most part, of the other members of the critical society, reviewers who just go along for the ride aside. The critics go to the theatre expecting and hoping for that enriching experience which a fine play, intelligently produced and sensitively acted, provides. If they fail to shout themselves hoarse over every exhibit they see, it is not their fault. The reason for this is sad but simple. Great plays do not grow like dandelions, but are like edelweiss which is only found at very high altitudes and only after a long, long trudge through dreary foothills. But let a play with the mighty sweep of "The Plough and the Stars" come along and these aforesaid tough guys turn into simple, benignant citizens as they make the town ring with their critical jigging in the streets.

* * *

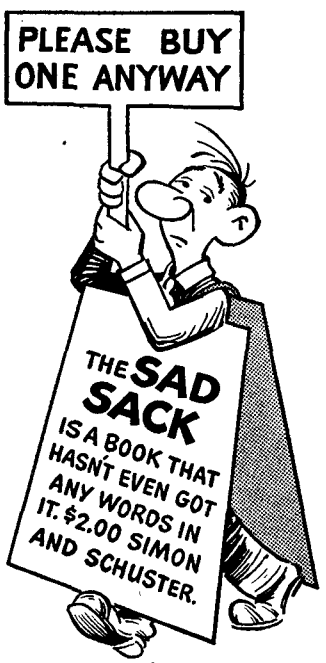
Let us now examine the most familiar refrain in the dirge . . . the theatre is dead . . . and by performing a quick post mortem on the living corpse determine its degree of deadness during the past quarter of a century.

There were times during this period when the fabulous invalid seemed on the verge of kicking the bucket, but always recovered, thanks to a vigorous pulmotor squad headed by Eugene O'Neill, who burst upon the American scene some twenty-five years ago and quickly took his place as a playwright of world importance, and a group of able co-workers including the newest recruit, Tennessee Williams.

Other crew members who deserve life-saving or Up Lazarus awards for healthy contributions are the following: Robert E. Sherwood for "Reunion in Vienna," "The Petrified Forest," "Idiot's Delight," and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"; Clifford Odets for "Awake and Sing" and "Waiting for Lefty"; Lillian Hellman for "The Children's Hour," "The Little Foxes," and "The Watch on the Rhine"; William Saroyan for "The Time of Your Life," "My Heart's in the Highlands," and "Hello Out There"; John Steinbeck for "Of Mice and Men"; S. N. Behrman for "Wine of Choice," "Rain from Heaven," and "Biography"; Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings for "What Price Glory?"; Mr. Anderson on his own for "Saturday's Children" and "Both Your Houses"; Elmer Rice for "Street Scene"; Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur for "The Front Page"; Philip Barry for "White Wings" and "Holiday"; Marc Connelly for "Green Pastures"; Georges Kaufman and Moss Hart for "Once in a Lifetime" and "You Can't Take It with You"; the same Mr. Kaufman and Ring Lardner for "June Moon"; Sidney Howard for "They Knew What They Wanted"; Paul Green for "In Abraham's Bosom"; George Kelly for "Craig's Wife"; Thornton Wilder for "Our Town"; Sidney Kingsley for "Dead End," and Irwin Shaw for "The Gentle People."

The theatre of no other country can match this lineup during this period for quantity and none, save the Irish, can top it for quality. And if the efforts of these American playwrights add up to a dead theatre, then Bejasus we're enjoying one of the longest and lustiest wakes on record.

SGT. RICHARD HARRITY.



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by C. S. Forester. "... a tumult of action from beginning to end ... The author, as he proved long ago, possesses that sovereign answer to all minor criticism, narrative power."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* $2.50

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The Man Who Can Talk to Animals

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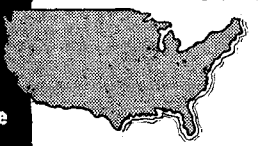

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Once-Over-Lightly by Mr. Smith

DESERT ISLAND DECAMERON. Edited by H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 406 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SGT. JAMES P. O'NEILL

Sgt. J. P. O'Neill

As you might imagine from the title, this is an anthology of short, humorous pieces to be taken along to that desert island. They have been selected by the compiler, H. Allen Smith, with the idea that you will not want to be bothered with heavy and foreboding thoughts while waiting to be rescued, but rather that you will be in the mood to be entertained. Mr. Smith, author of the very funny book, "Low Man on a Totem Pole," waggishly points out, not every one would care to take along a book to a desert island. Mr. Smith cites the example of Madeleine Carroll who, when asked by a bunch of reporters what she would select for anti-boredom purposes, replied, "The best obstetrician in the world." We know a lot of doggies on Pacific atolls who would prefer Miss Carroll to a book, an obstetrician, or General Marshall.

But if the doggies couldn't get Madeleine they wouldn't be too disappointed in Mr. Smith's anthology. There are many funny pieces in it and it wouldn't be a bad idea for the Morale Branch of the Army to send a few hundred thousand out to them while the boys are sweating out V-J day and the point system. The selections are divided into some sort of social category: "The Sporting Life" (the athletic type), "The Cocktail Hour," "The Women," etc. . . . Some of the selections are pretty well known, such as, Woollcott's "Entrance Fee," Ring Lardner's "Mr. Frisbie," and James Thurber's wonderful "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," but there hasn't been much decent humor written since these lovely people stopped writing, or died, and it is wonderful to meet old friends.

Besides these, there are several not so well-known pieces that are bound to give you a laugh. There is the Frank Sullivan piece titled, "Love Makes the Filly Go." Treated in Faith Baldwin style, it tells the tragic story of Zuleika, a two-year-old, brown filly. A queenly, fast stepping thoroughbred, Zuleika fell in love with Dan, a staid, sweaty old harrow puller and got herself into a romantic mess. Then there is an essay, "The Curse on Kissing," by a little-known humorist, a violent Texan editor, named William Cowper Brann, which should disperse the anti-necking prudes once and for all. And there is the naughty piece on three old ladies' fannies titled "The Bedchamber Mystery," written by none other than C. S. Forester.

But there are a few pieces that make you wonder if H. Allen Smith's sense of humor hadn't forsaken him in odd moments while compiling the anthology, or else whether his wife slipped them in the bundle by mistake. "Daughters of Joy," by Barry Benefield, is a gloomy tale of how six ladies and a Madam all through a funeral kept the news from their departed, red-light habitue's mother that the Corpse wasn't everything that she used to write home about.

Another story, "Harlem Tragedy," is just that. There isn't anything hilarious about men and women hitting each other over the head with gas stoves, kicking each other's teeth out, and bashing each other's jaws in—especially when they do it for several consecutive pages. I imagine the author, O. Henry, really didn't see anything funny in it.

But all in all, it is a good anthology and in this day when BARs are blasting, machine guns rattling, bazookas bazookaing, United Nations uniting, and post-war prophets crying, it is very surprising, and cosy, to pick up a book that has little more content than a belly-laugh.

Pfc.

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When Knights and Pagans Clashed

THE LEPER KING. By Zofia Kossak. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SGT. PAUL JOHNSTON

Sgt. Paul Johnston

THIS is the story of Baldwin IV, King of Jerusalem in the late days of the twelfth century. He is a leper, dies young, and spends his last days with what feeble physical strength he has to keep alive the noble precepts of his ancestors who wrested the Holy Land from the Islamites. Into this story of his life enter the Knights Templar of his day who are painted in menacing and decadent word colors. Here are Saladin himself, his tutor Al-Bara, William, Archibishop of Tyre, and a host of knights who in one way or another come slightly to life to give some historical and religious significance to the story.

Only one character stands out clearly—the Leper King himself—which might be sufficient except that the author has obviously attempted to weave into the pattern of his story other threads of personalities. The Princess Sibylla, for instance, is set up as the *femme fatale* of the story. Her brief marriage to William de Montferrat, her desire to lead her own life and to ignore what is best for the kingdom, her love affair and subsequent marriage (opposed by the King and the knights) to Guy de Lusignan, all are excellent opportunities in which the author could have brought the character out more positively, but he did not, and about all that stands out (not even her "fatal" beauty rings the bell) is that she is a spoiled brat and the hell with her.

The Knights themselves come in for rather a brushing off—although a few: Ibelin of Ramlah, who was to marry the Princess; Reynald de Chattilon, thorn in the side of the King and Saladin alike; Raymund of Tripoli, the King's uncle, emerge a little clearer than the rest. Still, they are characters and not people and one has too often the feeling that they are mere puppets.

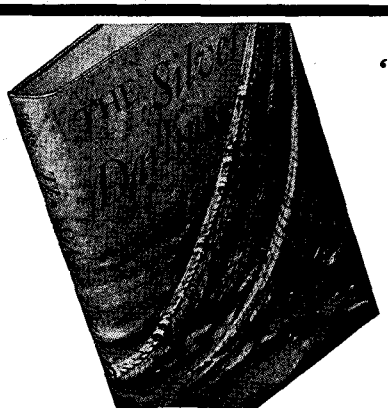
There are a couple of way-stops on the journey through "The Leper King" which tip-off the general ineptness of the story structure. They are beacons which light up like neon signs what to expect on the next page, the next chapter, but I hope not the next book.

When Baldwin IV leads his Frankish knights into battle against the pagan hordes of Saladin he has to be strapped to his saddle and his sword tied on to his gauntlet. You know instinctively that he will lead his men to victory, despite the odds against him. The groundwork has been prepared before when Baldwin prostrates himself before his God in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and asks for deliverance from his affliction and is answered: "Whosover believeth in Me shall never die. . . . That shall arise in strength which was sown in weakness. . . . Why weepest thou? Thou shall be born again." The King wins, of course.

Later on, after the King has received Guy de Lusignan's word that he would leave Jerusalem and the Princess Sibylla, we find Guy kidnapped by mysterious personages who are really not mysterious at all. He is locked in an escape-proof room and who is with him but the Princess? He wants to keep his word; he intends to, but when Sibylla finally says: "You do not want me? Tell me again you do not want me," you know perfectly well Guy is a goner.

There's no play of emotion here. There's no contention between the Guy who wants to stay and the Guy who wants to go back to his rustic sweetheart back home. Guy is the number one goon from there on and it is too bad because he was a nice fellow up to that time. He never does get a chance to redeem himself with the reader.

There's a hint of subterranean evil



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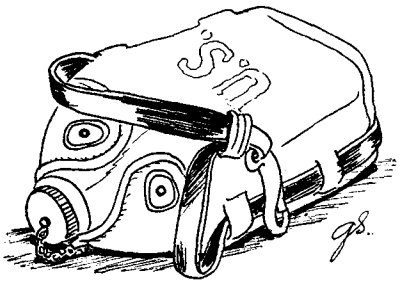
lurking behind the scenes and it finally comes out after a bit of poking around when we devote our attention to the chapter which reveals it. It has all the trappings of mystery, with a hidden passageway in the deserted ruins, cabalistic passwords, hooded figures, and a generally menacing atmosphere (and a bit of sex). But it falls flat when we find out that it is the Grand Master of the Templars, Gerard de Ridefort, behind all these goings on. I'm not revealing anything that the author does not reveal quickly enough to dispel any curiosity (and interest). The chapter and the whole business of the Temple of Venus could have been left out and no one would have missed it.

We might have carried on only slightly annoyed by sloppy plot handling until we came to the chapter



immediately after Baldwin IV has died, Sibylla has won out and married Guy de Lusignan, and the Knights have decided to crown Sibylla's infant son (by Montferrat) as Baldwin V. We leave that chapter secure that things will go along at least for a while before getting any worse, now that Baldwin V reigns and Raymund of Tripoli is Regent.

But it doesn't work out that way. We pick up Guy's mother reading a letter from Amalric, Guy's brother, that her precious offspring is now King. That's a blow. We thought that the baby was king. In the next chapter we read on and find out sure enough Guy *is* King. A lot of white space has swallowed up what might at least have been a soft spot or two for us to land on as we went so quickly from King to King.

Actually this is also no surprise. Kossak has prepared one for this, but it is rather abrupt and annoying and nobody likes to go back over a chapter or two, or follow the page numbers to make sure that no pages have been left out by the printer.

It winds up fast after that, as one expects it to end. Guy is a featherweight; the Templars do about as they please, and Sibylla does likewise.

Things follow as they should—or rather as they have been telegraphed—from King to King to King until Saladin finally gets tired of what he considers the perfidy of the Christians and puts an end to the progression. And not too soon at that.

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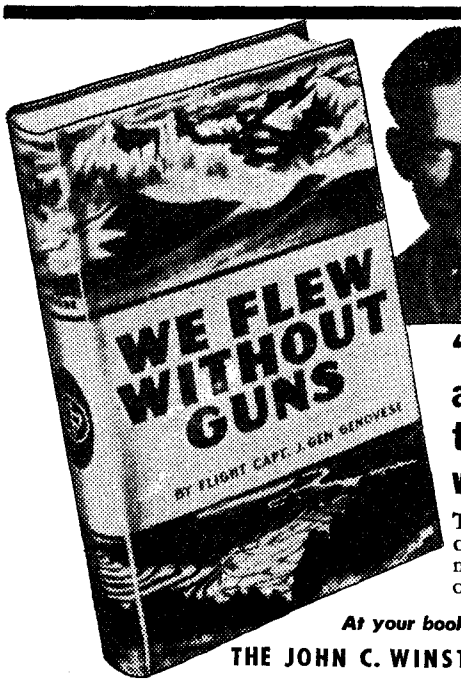

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Annals of the Undaunted

MISSION BEYOND DARKNESS. By Lieut. Comdr. Joseph Bryan III, U.S.N.R., and Philip Reed. New York: Duell, Sloane & Pearce. 1945. 133 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT SCHWARTZ Y2c

Robert Schwartz, Y2c

Saipan.

THE Messrs. Bryan III and Reed have used a familiar wartime technique to construct a familiar wartime story. By piecing together the individual accounts of the sixty-four men of an Air Group (the *Lexington's* sixteenth) during one day of the First Battle of the Philippines, the authors have produced a book. Much of the material they had at hand was marvelous stuff, but all they have produced is a book.

One can assume that the authors found themselves in a situation where dozens of men were coming back from a fantastic adventure, each with an exciting story to tell. Being writers, they saw the editorial possibilities and got right down to work. As fast as they turned out the stuff, two yeoman (who get an acknowledgement in the preface) typed it up for them, and off it went to the publisher.

But where the problem was to sift, the authors accumulated. The first part of the book is so full of names, planes, altitudes, and formations (on the way to the attack) that I felt like a pilot coming out of the overcast when I broke through to the second half of the story. Here are described some of the most hair-raising episodes of the war. Hundreds of American planes returning from the Philippine Sea fought to get aboard our carriers in the dark of night before their gas ran out.

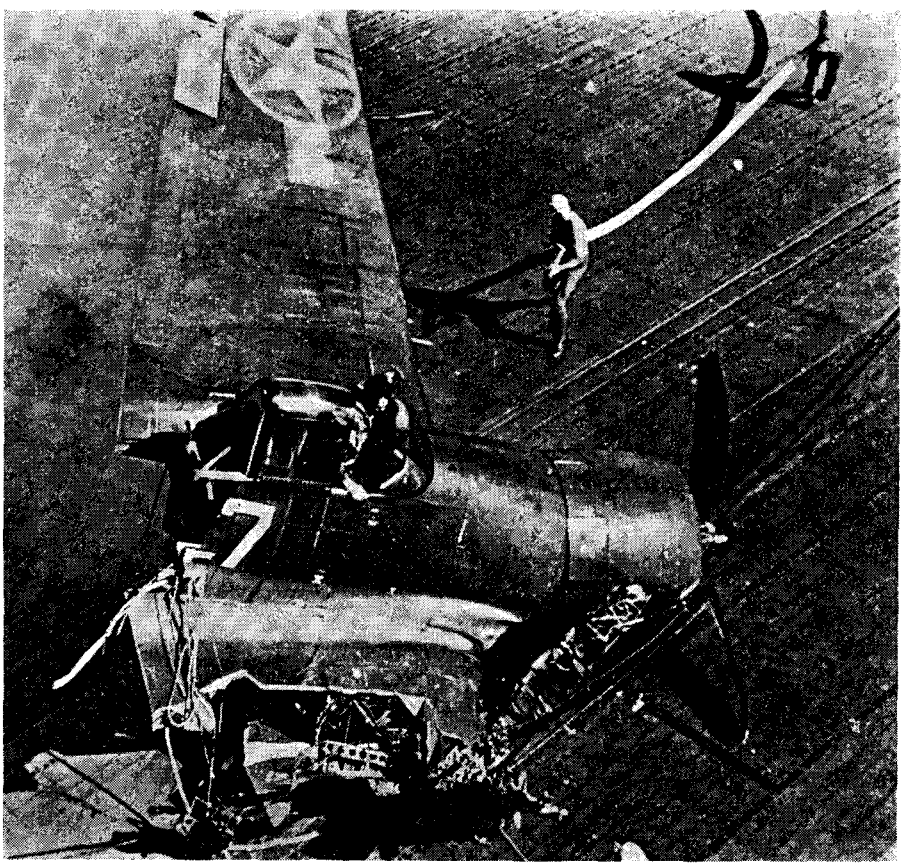
The *Lexington,* being a large, well-lighted carrier, drew planes from all the little escort carriers, whose pilots were told to "land anywhere." The Landing Officer (who waves planes aboard) "felt as if he were under a strafing attack. Instead of the orderly file that should have been approaching him, pairs of planes, even groups, roared up the groove together, elbowing and jockeying for his favor.

> It was impossible to single out one of them. The pilot beside it or above it might mistake the signs as meant for himself, and if two of them attempted a simultaneous landing both planes would be wrecked, and the deck would be fouled up for an hour. [He] waved them all away. He realized bitterly that among them might be planes with wounded men aboard and planes with insufficient gas to make the circuit again, but there was no help for it.

The ensuing forty-five minutes were an agonizing strain as pilots flew their planes into the dark sea, crashed on carrier decks, missed each other in the air by inches, and zoomed through the rigging of unseen destroyers. Two extremes illustrate the variety of confusion. On one carrier, a radioman jumped out of his plane clutching a life raft, because the last word from the pilot told him to expect a water landing. Another pilot was making his approach to the carrier when water began pouring into his cockpit and he realized he was plowing into the sea. The apex was reached when two planes, unaware of each other, obeyed the same landing signal instructions, cut their motors, and headed for the deck. Seeing the inevitable crash approaching, the deck crews dived for the gun galleries. But one plane landed about thirty feet ahead of the other (zooming over it without lights), and caught a separate landing cable. They both bounced to a stop, unharmed. The most poignant statement of the book is made by a Bo'sun's mate on deck: "Nobody ordered me to watch this. I'm going below."

But, somehow, even the tensest parts of the book manage to get cluttered with unnecessary detail. In a heartrending episode, two men who have just returned safely from the most dangerous mission of their lives are killed in their plane by the next plane to land. After you learn of the crash, and before you learn the fate of the men in the parked plane, the authors take time to tell you that there were six planes on deck: "four F6Fs, a TBF, and an SB2c. Two of the F6Fs were on the starboard side out of the way." A short phrase in a buried sentence tells a much more vital fact: the pilot who crashed into the other plane (and survived) was a wingman of the man he killed. And it's almost a dozen pages later before you find that he forced his way into the landing circle because he was wounded in the back, nearly out of gas, without running lights, with one wing partly burned off, and with a mental and physical fatigue so great that he couldn't force himself to obey the wave-off and landed anyway.

The authors likely found themselves in the position of all war writers who are telling the story of one operation: they must get it on the market before other military advances destroy its timeliness or before someone else beats them to the story. With less urgency they would certainly have trimmed out the non-essential, frequently confusing, material that clutters the book, virtually burying the real story.



A badly-wounded bird returns to its Flat Top.

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Sub Rosa Adventure

THE DOUBLE AGENT. By Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 220 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CPL. MARGARET DAVIS

Cpl. Margaret Davis

A BOOK like this used to be called escapist literature. This was in the days when avoiding death at the hands of enemy assassins while pursuing and being pursued through picturesque and historical countrysides seemed a romantic and interesting adventure.

Now that to several million Americans the most romantic possible adventure would be to sit in slacks and a polo shirt on their own Manhattan terrace with a rye and soda in hand, or in their own Paducah backyard with a julep, escapist is hardly the word. But, well done, such books are still pleasant reading even to people whose recent routine business in life has been avoiding death at the hands of enemies in picturesque countrysides.

Hildegarde Tolman Teilhet's thriller in the Ambler-Hitchcock tradition is very well done, and nice enough reading in or out of uniform. It is a crisply-written tale of French and Nazi undergrounds surviving as of this June in liberated France, and of an American painter who has played the role of double agent for the five years of the war. The FFI and the Germans are both deeply interested in his extermination. The FFI is mistaken in this ambition, since all along John

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 107

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 107 *will be found in the next issue.*

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TKCADZ, RASXZC RSC SZ PDC.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 106

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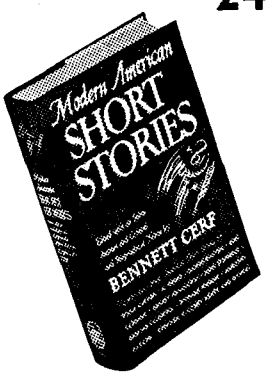

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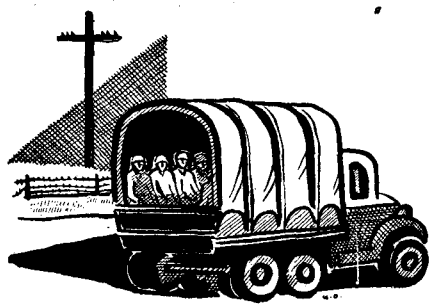

(Hoot) Houten has been doing his spying for the Allies. But he has been successful because he was branded even among the French as a collaborationist. Getting him back to respectability at this point is a delicate job for paunchy Samuel Hook of the Embassy.

Arriving in Paris just in time to share his last set of hairbreadth escapes is personable and freckled Cally, the Ph.D. wife he left behind in California just before the war. (Cally's professor-father named her Callipyge —Webster: callipygian, having shapely buttocks—but Cally seemed a more discreet name after tabloid photographers started taking her pictures as a swimming champion.) Cally is understandably annoyed because, underground or no underground, she hasn't heard a word from Hoot in all those years. But neither murders, a glamorous French suitor, nor extremely unpleasant weather for cross-country walking in the rugged Massif Central country long delay a second honeymoon.

The true collaborationists who have planned to use Cally's scholarly employer's collection of propaganda documents as camouflage in sneaking out stolen valuables for sale to refill the Nazis's underground treasury, meet a suitable fate. Hoot is restored to the love of the FFI and the open good graces of the United States Government. In fact, the Government embraces him with an enthusiasm which GI readers may enjoy.

This is Mrs. Teilhet's first independent adventure story. She shows the results of expert schooling as the collaborator of her husband, Darwin Teilhet, in murder mysteries, and his assistant in the adventure tales published under his own name. Like Cally, she is a California professor's daughter, with an intimate knowledge of France quite evident in her amusing three-dimensional background sketches of people and places.

The book should be a movie natural.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME INTERRUPTED WEDDINGS

Weddings aren't always the happy events that they are planned to be, as the ten fictional instances herewith will show. How many of them do you remember? Allowing 5 points for the name of the story and another 5 for the name of the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 45.

1. To avoid her marriage the next day to a man of her father's choice, our youthful heroine—married secretly to another only a few days before—took a potion that put her in a death-like trance for 42 hours.
2. The first time our hero tried to get married the banns were forbidden by a stranger who made a living by doing such things in order to extract money from the groom; the second time he was arrested at the altar on orders of his father, who opposed the union.
3. Fulfilling the threat that he would be with his creator on the latter's wedding night, a monster appeared and strangled the bride.
4. As a governess and her employer stood before the altar, a stranger interrupted the wedding service by asserting that the groom-to-be was already married and that his wife was still living.
5. The wedding reception was abruptly terminated when an uninvited guest appeared, danced the bride around to the doorway, threw her on his horse, and galloped away.
6. The parson had just pronounced them man and wife, and, as the groom turned to kiss the bride, a shot rang out and she collapsed in his arms.
7. An English nobleman was so annoyed when his American bride disappeared immediately after their wedding that he appealed to a famous consulting detective for aid.
8. As part of a deep-dyed plot to prove that the heir to a patent medicine fortune was a maniac, he was induced to appear at a high-society wedding disguised as a bewhiskered tramp and forbid the marriage on the grounds that the bride was his fiancee.
9. Being congenital rubbernecks, this couple simply could not resist the urge to join the crowd of sidewalk superintendents that had gathered outside the church where their wedding was to take place.
10. This was the note that Obadiah Jenks sent to the girl who was waiting at the church: "I can't get away to marry you today. My wife won't let me."

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Chennault of China

OLD LEATHER FACE. By Keith Ayling. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1945. 263 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDMOND BURKE SP(x)2c

Edmond Burke, SP(x)2c

FOR someone seeking hero stories this is not suggested reading. Mr. Ayling has confined himself to Claire Lee Chennault, the boy and the man, with no attempt at colorful embroidery. The book gives an accurate picture of Chennault throughout a life full of adversity. It is factually excellent, it does not bog down in statistics, but the author's approach is too abstract for warmth. Neither General Chennault nor Mr. Ayling really leaks through. At no time does one feel well acquainted with Chennault for there is little or no reader participation.

The forepart of the book gives a short background of the Chennault family, then goes into the actual life history of the General. The story of Chennault's boyhood and youth offer Mr. Ayling the opportunity to draw some interesting, if obvious, conclusions on the subject of discipline, self-will, and education. Following the boy, then the youth, and finally the man through his career, the book covers the First World War, the post-war period, and Chennault's varying frustrations. It begins to broaden with the arrival of Chennault in China after his retirement from the U. S. Army. You get a good picture of the problems that confront a leader forced to act as quartermaster, engineer, liaison, intelligence, and general factotum, while actually fighting in the Sino-Japanese War.

Mr. Ayling gives a clear picture of the situation facing Chennault in his present capacity of Commander of the Fourteenth Air Force. With the Flying Tigers disbanded, the General was again forced to begin the training of pilots to conform with his radical combat tactics. The problem of supply, which almost finished the Flying Tigers time and again, still is far from a perfect solution especially since the Japanese capture of airfields Chennault built long before, in anticipation of assistance by the USAAF.

Ayling points out that Chennault tried and tried again to take the Tigers into the USAAF intact. But in this move he was blocked. The Army wanted the Flying Tigers on its own terms and the Tigers wanted the Army on their terms. Although Chennault did everything in his power, it was impossible to reach a satisfactory compromise.

The name of Claire Lee Chennault is to most of us a familiar one, but many of us associate it with a somewhat outmoded tactician, retired from the Army because of partial disability, who had the fortune to lead the Flying Tigers. When you finish this book you feel that here is a man far ahead of his time in aerial tactics and their application to modern war, unswervingly loyal to an ideal, an extremely able leader, under whom the Flying Tigers had the good fortune to serve, and who is just now gaining the recognition that he so justly deserves. "Old Leather Face" is not a great piece of literature but it serves as a good factual biography of one of this war's most colorful figures.

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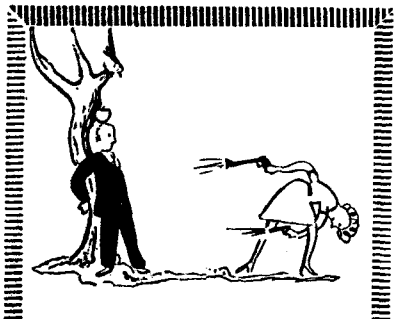

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Sports, Books, and the War

Cpl. Tom Shehan

ONE OF the paradoxes of the war is the fact that at a time when that segment of the population which most enjoys telling the rest of the world how to live was clamoring for the abandonment of all sports for the duration, the book trade was publishing sports books in numbers and quality far beyond that which might be expected in normal times. Just whose judgment was a more accurate reflection of public opinion—the reformers or the publishers—is obvious. Despite the absence from this country of millions of men who might be expected to buy them, sports books have far exceeded the sales expectations of even such sanguine sports book publishers as A. S. Barnes & Company and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"There are two types of sports books selling very well," according to Miss Dorothy Drayna, one of the Barnes editors, "books on baseball and books on horses." Which appears to be an accurate appraisal of the demand since a Putnam editor, Wallace Hangar, told us that the response to the Frank Graham baseball series, "Lou Gehrig, A Quiet Hero," "The New York Yankees," "McGraw of the Giants," and "The Brooklyn Dodgers," has been a pleasant surprise. The most popular book of this series has been the one on Gehrig, published in 1942 and now in its twelfth printing. But the others, such as the book on the Yankees, which is in its eight printing, and the book on McGraw, which is in its fifth, have sold well. In fact, so well that they have opened a new career to Frank Graham, one of the most undeservingly underrated sports writers in the country when he was writing the "Setting the Pace" column in *The New York Sun*. Graham, who was induced to write the Gehrig book by Putnams because of his friendship for the famous slugger, is working on an informal biography of Al Smith which is due in the fall under the title, "Al Smith, American," but he will go back to turning out sports books after that assignment.

Putnams also published Fred Lieb's "The St. Louis Cardinals" last fell and recently released "Connie Mack" by the same author. Although it has been on the stands and in the stores only a short time, "Connie Mack" is in its second printing.

The same firm has scheduled "Judge Landis," by John P. Carmichael, sports editor of *The Chicago Daily News*, for fall release. Carmichael, one of the ablest sports authors in the country, knew the late Judge as well as it was possible for anybody to know him. He is also represented in "My Greatest Day in Baseball," a reprint of collected interviews with outstanding baseball figures which first ran on the pages of the *Daily News*. It will be published by Barnes in the fall.

Two other baseball books, "They Played the Game," by Harry Grayson, and "The Gashouse Gang," by Roy Stockton, both published by A. S. Barnes, are also enjoying a brisk sale. "They Played the Game" is a collection of columns about old-time baseball players, written originally for the NEA Service by Grayson, the veteran sports editor of that syndicate. "The Gashouse Gang" is another book about the St. Louis Cardinals of the Pepper Martin-Frankie Frisch-Dizzy Dean era by the St. Louis sports writer who originally brought their antics to national attention in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The most popular horse books now on the market are "Down the Stretch," an autobiography which Frank G. Menke ghosted for Col. Matt J. Winn of Kentucky Derby fame, and "Gone Away with O'Malley," by M. O'Malley Knott, a book about horses and fox hunting. "Down the Stretch," really the story of the Kentucky Derby as much as it is the life of Winn, is the second book of Menke's published by Barnes and is enjoying a good sale. His first was "Sports Encyclopedia."

"Gone Away with O'Malley" is one of the most enjoyable horse books this horse enthusiast has ever read. M. O'Malley Knott, with whom Page Cooper worked on this book, is a seventy-three-year-old horseman who is

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still riding to the hounds. Charles Marshall, a Doubleday, Doran executive who first met O'Malley when he took riding lessons from him at the age of ten, and didn't see him again until he reached the age of forty-five, when he revived Marshall's interest in riding to the hounds, is responsible for the book. "Gone Away with O'Malley" has had a sale of more than 15,000 copies and is still selling.

Paul Brown, the famous horse artist who illustrated the O'Malley book, is now working on seventy-five illustrations for an anthology of horse stories, as yet untitled, which Doubleday, Doran will publish in the fall. The publishers, in case you're interested, would welcome suggestions for a title.

No less than four sports anthologies are already on the market. They include Stanley Frank's "Sports Extra" and "*Esquire's* First Sports Reader," edited by Herb Graffis, both published by A. S. Barnes; "The Best Sports Stories of 1944," edited by Irving Marsh and Edward Ehre and published by E. P. Dutton & Company; and Robert Kelley's "The Sportsman's Anthology," published by Howell Soskin & Co. None is as complete or has the quality of "Sports Anthology" which Grantland Rice and Harford Powell edited for Harper's fifteen years ago. The *Esquire* anthology includes "First" in its title, but the publishers haven't decided whether or not it will be an annual. Its sale has been more than satisfactory thus far, but its future will probably depend upon the continuing reception it receives and the quality of the sports material *Esquire* prints.

In my opinion the Kelley anthology is the best of the group. Kelley, who has written on rowing and horses, is a *New York Times* sports writer on leave-loan to the New York race tracks as publicity director. He admits that the stories selected are merely the ones he has enjoyed reading the most, but even the most avid sports enthusiast couldn't ask for two more enjoyable stories than Donn Byrne's "Gypsy Horse" and Eric Hatch's "Git Thar Stroke" which are included in this selection.

—*Sgt. Bob Gallivan.*

"Thanks for the promotion, sir, but don't expect miracles."

"The Sportsman's Anthology" arrived on the market late last fall, but the entire first printing of 15,000 was sold before Christmas. In fact, it sold so well that Howell Soskin has had Kelley edit an anthology of sports stories for boys which will be put on the market this fall.

One of the few football books on the market is Arch Ward's "Frank Leahy and The Fighting Irish," published by G. P. Putnam. Arch Ward, the sports editor of the *Chicago Tribune,* is the man who conceived the All Star football and baseball games when asked to put on some sports promotions for the Chicago World's Fair. His book has gone into its fifth printing.

There are always a flock of books on the market about hunting and fishing and they always sell. We couldn't hope to cover this field without doing a separate piece on it, but one of the most popular authors is Nash Buckingham who has had three books published by Putnam's during the war. His "De Shootin'est Gent'man," which was issued in the spring of 1943, is the most popular and is in its fourth printing. "Tattered Coat," published in the spring of 1945, is in its third printing. Buckingham also wrote "Mark Right," published in 1944.

Probably because they require almost a language of their own, boxing books do not sell nearly as well as those on baseball and horses. One of the best stories in the "*Esquire's* First Sports Reader" was "The Iron City Express," by James R. Fair, a story about the late Harry Greb. Of interest to boxing fans is the fact that Barnes has scheduled "Give Him to the Angels," a complete book on that famous fighter by the same author, for publication in October.

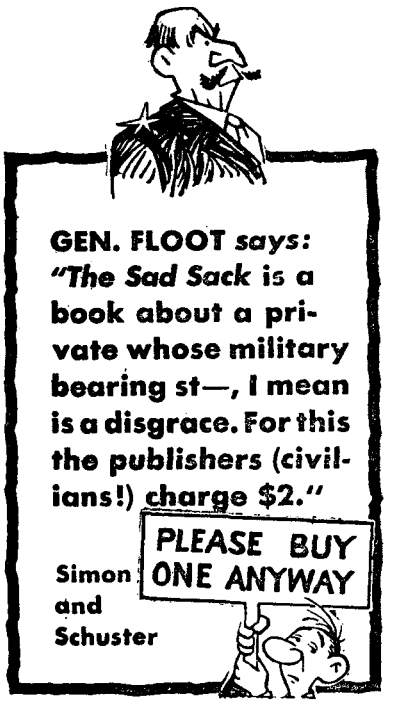
When Fair first wrote A. S. Barnes and asked if they would be interested in publishing such a book they replied by asking to see a couple of chapters. They planned to publish it in 1946 or 1947 if it was anything they wanted. Two chapters arrived on a Friday morning, an editorial conference was held Friday afternoon, and by evening Barnes had decided to publish "Give Him to The Angels" in their fall list. As fast as Fair sends chapters to the Barnes office they are read and sent to the printer's to be set up in page proofs. That house expects it to be one of the most popular boxing books ever published.

Mention of boxing books reminds us that not all sports book publishers are inspired by any expectation of profits. It's a hobby with Nat Fleischer, editor and publisher of *Ring Magazine,* the boxing bible. During the past twenty-five years Nat has written and published forty-one books on boxing, but only one made money. That was "Jack Dempsey, Idol of Fistiana," which sold 150,000 copies and is still in demand. Fleischer is not discouraged. He has just completed a forty-eight chapter manuscript on "The Literature of Boxing." The only thing that worries him is publishing his own books. "I'm looking for a publisher," he told us. "I've spent too damn much of my own money on that sort of thing already."

CPL. TOM SHEHAN.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "Romeo and Juliet," by William Shakespeare.
2. "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade.
3. "Frankenstein," by Mary Shelley.
4. "Jane Eyre," By Charlotte Brontë.
5. "Lochinvar," by Sir Walter Scott.
6. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
7. "The Adventure of the Noble Client," by Conan Doyle.
8. "The Spectacles of Cagliostro," by Harry Stephen Keeler.
9. "A Comedy in Rubber," by O. Henry.
10. "Waiting at the Church," by Fred W. Leigh.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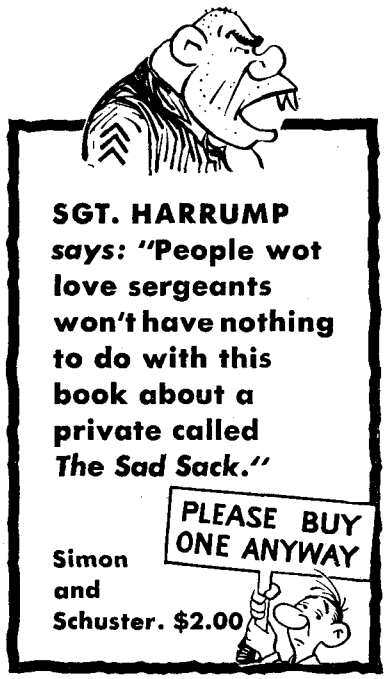
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The Building of the B-29

THE SUPERFORTRESS IS BORN. By Thomas Collison. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1945. 218 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by SGT. BILL REED

Sgt. Bill Reed

Hawaii.

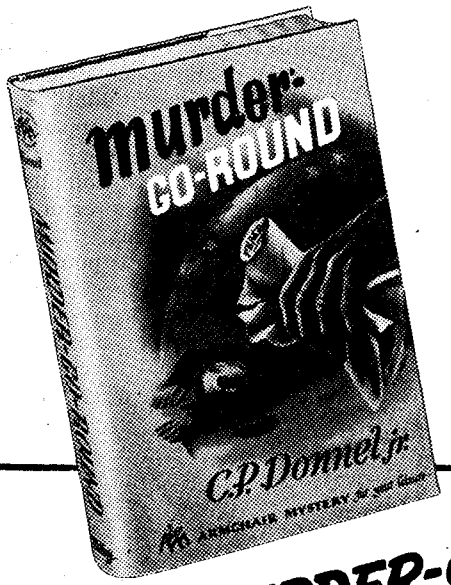
THIS detailed story of the building of the Boeing B-29 from the time of its conception until the first Superfortress raid over Toyko is important because it shows how one American company met the production demands of a wartime government and overcame the enormous scarcities of labor, skills, materials, and time in our nation's economy between the years of 1940 and 1944. In telling the story of the B-29, Thomas Collison pays a tribute not only to the Boeing Company and the aircraft industry in general, but also to all other defense industries which won the battle for production on the homefront during the early, critical years of World War II.

Mr. Collison's book begins with a general description of the B-29, the materials, the makers, and the science of aerodynamics. He gives the background for the original conception of many of the improvements that appeared in this warplane for the first time. Then the story carries us through the problems of creation and production. It tells us how America's greatest test pilot, Edmund T. Allen, died in one of the early flight tests of the Superfortress and how Boeing technicians aided in unraveling an almost impossible tangle at the modification centers set up by the Army in Kansas to make changes in the planes after they left the assembly line. Most of the Army technicians were too inexperienced to make the necessary alterations in time for the planes to reach the CBI theater for the first scheduled raid against Japan. The latter part of the book deals with descriptions of the flight of the Superforts to the CBI, the first raid over the Japanese homeland and a brief resume of the first raid over Tokyo.

Most readers will find that the early chapters in the book are too technical and too detailed for the layman to understand. The later chapters on the flight tests, the modification centers, the flight to the CBI, and the first raids are more readable but one gets the impression that he is being bombarded with high-pressure publicity releases rather than the objective observations of an impartial observer. Then, too, Mr. Collison is always acutely conscious of the fact that he is writing the Great Book, and he seems to want to pound this into your head with verbal blackjacks.

Whenever Mr. Collison strays from the story he is telling and goes into panegyrics, his language always borders on the hackneyed and trite. His enthusiasm is always unbridled, undisciplined and, occasionally, in comical bad taste. It was, of course, to be expected that such a writer would describe the thoughts of the crew members on the day of their first raid with such cliches as "This was it. This was what they had been waiting for."

Mr. Collison's failure to limit the technical details in the early chapters and his unrestrained hosannahs throughout the book prevent "The Superfortress Is Born" from approaching the American epic he so fondly believes it to be. Despite such faults, however, it remains an impressive narrative of our wartime production.



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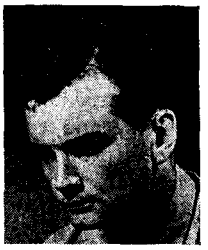

Sgt. John Hay

WHEN "The Best from *Yank*" anthology was published the reviews were in most respects generous, but there was one department which got it in the neck. The reviewers did not think our poems looked like poetry. They accused them of being formless, unemotional, or in the limbo of castaway prose.

No one, particularly no *Yank* man, is going to ask reviewers to drop their standards for the sake of generosity in this case. But whether or not criticism can call our poems poetry they still have a history. For us at least they are worth reading over because they reflect in a small way what soldiers have felt about their individual places in the war. Many of them are windows on boredom, homesickness, or loneliness. Some poems have nothing more to recommend them than that their authors pleased themselves by writing them, but in a magazine which is "for the men in the service" that is a recommendation. Others reach toward some emotion which they have not art enough to embody. Wherever they stand they are united by the world-wide experience of their authors, and in that they have a quality of their own. In addition they are honest —they were not ordered for advertising agencies or daily columns.

Three years ago we were publishing jingles about first sergeants, KP, jeeps, standing in line, and waiting for chow. They were the only contributions we got, and occasionally we brightened up the Poets Cornered with something like:

In my present mood
I'd prefer you nood
or
Soldiers shun lasses
allergic to passes.

Most of the poems came from camps in this country and it was not until well on in 1943 that the mail began to bring in a few from overseas. Even then they were still in the jingle mood. A GI wrote this poem about India:

Oh in India, in India
All the cows walk in the street,
And the air is, oh, so sweet;
But if you're wise, you'll be discreet
In India.

The snipers and the monsoons came later.

In December 1943, we published a poem by Pvt. William Russell called "Dirty Gertie from Bizerte" which was later put to music and had what seems to have been a brief vogue among soldiers in Tunisia. It was a catchy song and it had the advantage that you could change the words and make Gertie dirtier.

The mood of *Yank* poetry changed with the war. We began to get more and more poems about the loneliness of troopships, about foxholes and letter writing and memories of home. One of the first steps away from the jingle habit came from Sgt. Charles Butler in England who sent in a romantically serious poem called "Lullaby." It was written about a photograph of three dead soldiers lying on the beach at Buna, New Guinea. Later Cpl. Don Rohrig wrote some poetry from the Pacific which was more direct and uncompromising than anything else *Yank* had published. It was full of statements heavy with hate and loathing.

You might read over hundreds of the poems that come to *Yank* and find none which have lives of their own. *Yank* editors have had to reject piles of contributions which were either illiterate or meaningless or no more

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than topical. We have poems on "loved ones," and fate, and "the high light of freedom," and civilians, and "licking the Japs." We have imitation Kiplings, Sandburgs, Millays, and MacLeishes. The poems we published have a value outside of themselves. They come from GIs who have fought with courage and endured with disgust. They have seen their friends die, they have seen the dead cities of Europe and the refugees, and they have waited on islands, or at their desks, until waiting seemed worse than combat.

Sometimes we receive a poem which has more than honesty or pathos. It has a twist of emotion or a clarity of image which brings it out of the common pile. We published one recently called "No Casualties," by Cpl. Hargis Westerfield, from the Philippines. With all its limitations as a poem it is more expressive than the average *Yank* contribution. I think you can see it in the line "forgive us our laughter; we still live," which is something more than sentimental in its context.

Let the cold rain fall on the faces
Of the corpses in the trail's curves
Where the outguard's first shots
flung them.
(Squeeze the trigger; shoot again at
the brush:
Be certain; take no chances with
suicide,
Grenades gripped under the arm
pits.)
Let the cold rain seep again through
muddy fatigues
Of the singing soldiers sprawled on
the supply truck
Where the trail meets the new
American road.
Let the Americans sing and joke how
they killed.
Texan and Pole and Spaniard, Assiniboin and Swede.
(Scar-faced Texan with the officer's
Blade and the slitted blue eyes,
sing!)
Let us sing; we still live; crawled
the brush
And kept silent and watched all
night
In the black jungle. Forgive us our
pride,
Our loud laughter, Lord, at the thud
When a Japanese warrior hurtled
dead.
Lord, forgive us our laughter; we
still live.

But what we have had is not enough. We are constantly looking for poems of authority; poems which do more than suggest the experience, or reactions from it, of this war. What we get now is close enough to poetry so that another step may bring it in. There is no need to feel that more professional poetry will be inconsistent with *Yank's* directness. People are afraid of esoteric poetry, but this literary bogey has been dragged across the trail too often. Clarity is the natural characteristic of a good poem and not a bad one.

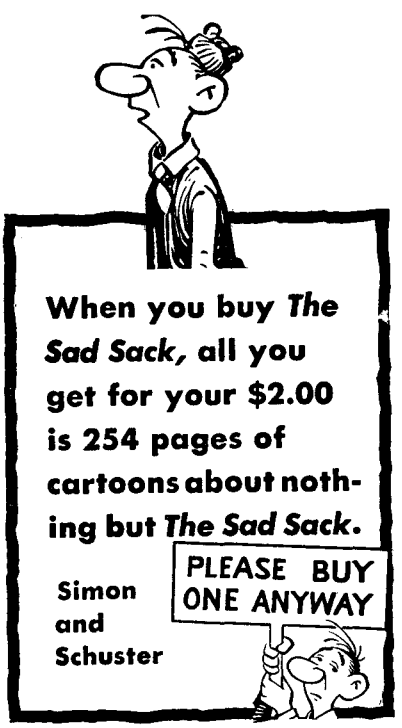
And the poets do not need to hide. Army writers above all do not need to confine their reputations to a small group of magazines. They have as large an audience in the Army and one which shares their experience. The experience is huge and there is no escaping it—consciousness is swallowed up in it. The unending monotony casts men in its mold. For many soldiers it is a great deal worse than monotony. It may happen to them as it does to Bill Mauldin's infantrymen: "If he is looking very weary and resigned to the fact that he is probably going to die before it is over, and if he has a deep, almost hopeless desire to go home and forget it all; if he looks with dull, uncomprehending eyes at the fresh-faced kid who is talking about the joys of battle and killing Germans, then he comes from the same infantry as Joe and Willie."

A poet's personal confidence is dulled by the war, and his imagination is caught beneath it. So the best poetry about the war will probably come after it, when writers have the freedom to explore their individual talents and to work deep into form and emotion. But at any time poets have an obligation. Whether or not they are said to escape reality or to use it is not important. Their poems cannot escape because they will be judged.

The only criterion of judgment is that a poem should be an attainment and not merely a lazy child of sensibility. It must have excellence and its words must not be borrowed or superfluous. Because it lives it will have its own truth and music.

We will have poetry, as Marianne Moore wrote, when poets can "present for inspection, imaginary gardens with real toads in them."

SGT. JOHN HAY.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PERSONALS

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(Continued on next page)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 49*)

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The Crostics Club

We tried, but failed, to get a Yank *man to do our Double-Crostic, but we did receive the following letter from Sgt. Paul Showers on Saipan.*

Sgt. Paul Showers

Saipan
21 June 1945

DEAR AL:

Your letter of the 15th has been following me around the Pacific and I'm sorry to say that it has at last caught up with me. Once or twice before I have run onto one of these Double-Crostics and have always turned the page quickly, averting my eyes. It took me half a day to figure out what the reader was supposed to do with the specimen you enclosed. Anything that requires that much explanation before you can start working it is a waste of time, which might be more profitably spent reading a good book and not the *SRL*.

However, figuring we were lucky not to have fallen in with the *Drovers' Journal* or *The National Geographic*, I went over to the local library and began pawing through Bartlett's "Quotations" and similar literature.

Apparently what you first have to do in constructing one of these monstrosities is to find a passage from a book which contains in it all the letters found in the title of the book and the author's name. There are some wonderful quotations from La Rochefaucauld, Sam Johnson, Spinoza, and André Gide. But unfortunately none of these gems contained all the letters in the title of the represented work.

After spending an evening in the library, I came up with the following:

The sun had long since in the lap
Of Thetis taken out his nap
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

It is from "Hudibras," by Samuel Butler, and if you care to examine the lines more closely you will find that they contain every letter used in spelling out Hudibras and Samuel Butler.

Now all you have to do is write down Hudibras, Samuel, and Butler in a vertical column, and use each letter in the column as the initial letter of a word which shall be composed of those letters which remain in the four-line quotation. Furthermore, everything has to come out even.

I have worked two other nights on this phase of the operation and have come to the conclusion that there aren't enough letters in the four verses to make words that will define intelligibly. Which means that we need to find another quotation.

Now with patience and a little time this process would probably produce the masterpiece *Yank* needs. However, there are a number of things that will presently be occupying my time, and it is doubtful if I should ever meet your deadline.—PAUL

JULY 7, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 589

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

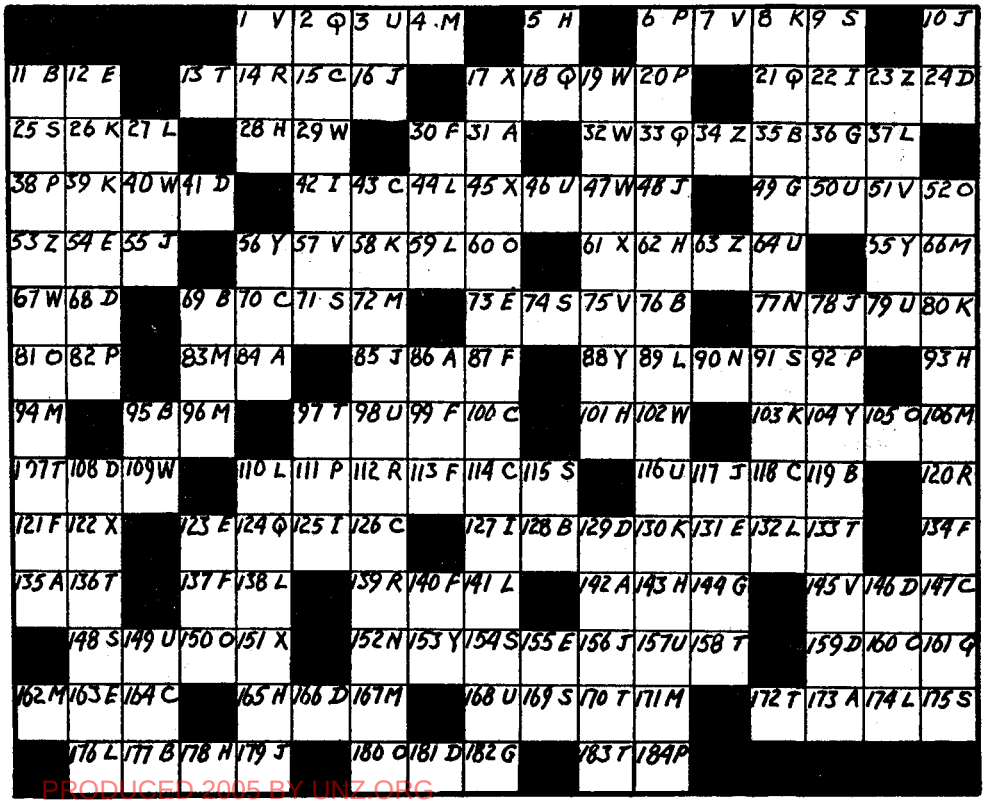
The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Narrative of Near East travel by Kinglake (1844).
B. *Field* of battle in "Richard III" (Act V.)
C. Scene of siege and battles of Boer War (Oct. 1899-Feb. 1900).
D. Not debased by mixture.
E. Dutch equivalent of Mr.
F. Modification of the voice resembling bleating in certain diseases (Med.)
G. The central tableland of Arabia.
H. Russo-Japanese sea battle that led to peace negotiations (May 1905).
I. Leader of British in Battle of Long Island (1776).
J. To hire or charter (a ship) for transportation of goods.
K. A tide running in the same direction in which the wind blows.
L. Famous battle in Greco-Persian Wars (480 B.C.)
M. A device for fastening opposite ends of garments (3 wds.)
N. Negro tribe of Slave Coast, also their language (Sudanic).
O. Raw recruits; novices (Slang).
P. Physical or mental exertions.
Q. Word made notable by Calvin Coolidge when he decided not to run for a second full term.
R. Rich; wealthy (Slang; Eng.)
S. Andrew Jackson victory, Jan. 8, 1815.
T. Civil War battle 1863 that helped turn the tide to Union victory.
U. U. S. Constitutional amendment in effect Jan. 16, 1920.
V. A *Gallery* prized by the police.
W. Personal advantage (Comp.)
X. Battle in which Antigonus and his son Demetrius were slain (301 B.C.)
Y. Numerous small roundish spots on Mars at intersections of its so-called canals.
Z. Nelson defeat of Napoleon in naval battle (Aug. 1, 1798; also called Abukir Bay).

WORDS

31 135 142 86 173 84
95 11 35 69 177 76 119 128
114 118 100 147 164 15 43 126 70
146 108 166 181 41 24 68 129 159
123 73 54 155 131 163 12
87 137 140 113 30 121 99 134
36 144 49 182
101 62 178 93 143 28 165 5
42 22 127 125
78 48 10 179 16 156 55 117 85
80 39 26 103 8 130 58
37 89 132 141 44 138 110 176 27 59 174
162 83 94 106 66 72 4 96 167 171
77 152 90
105 150 180 52 160 81 60
111 38 92 184 20 6 82
21 2 18 33 161 124
14 112 139 120
25 71 148 74 9 91 115 169 175 154
170 107 183 97 13 172 136 133 158
50 98 79 168 116 3 46 157 64 149
51 57 145 75 7 1
67 40 47 29 109 19 102 32
61 17 151 122 45
104 153 88 65 56
63 53 23 34



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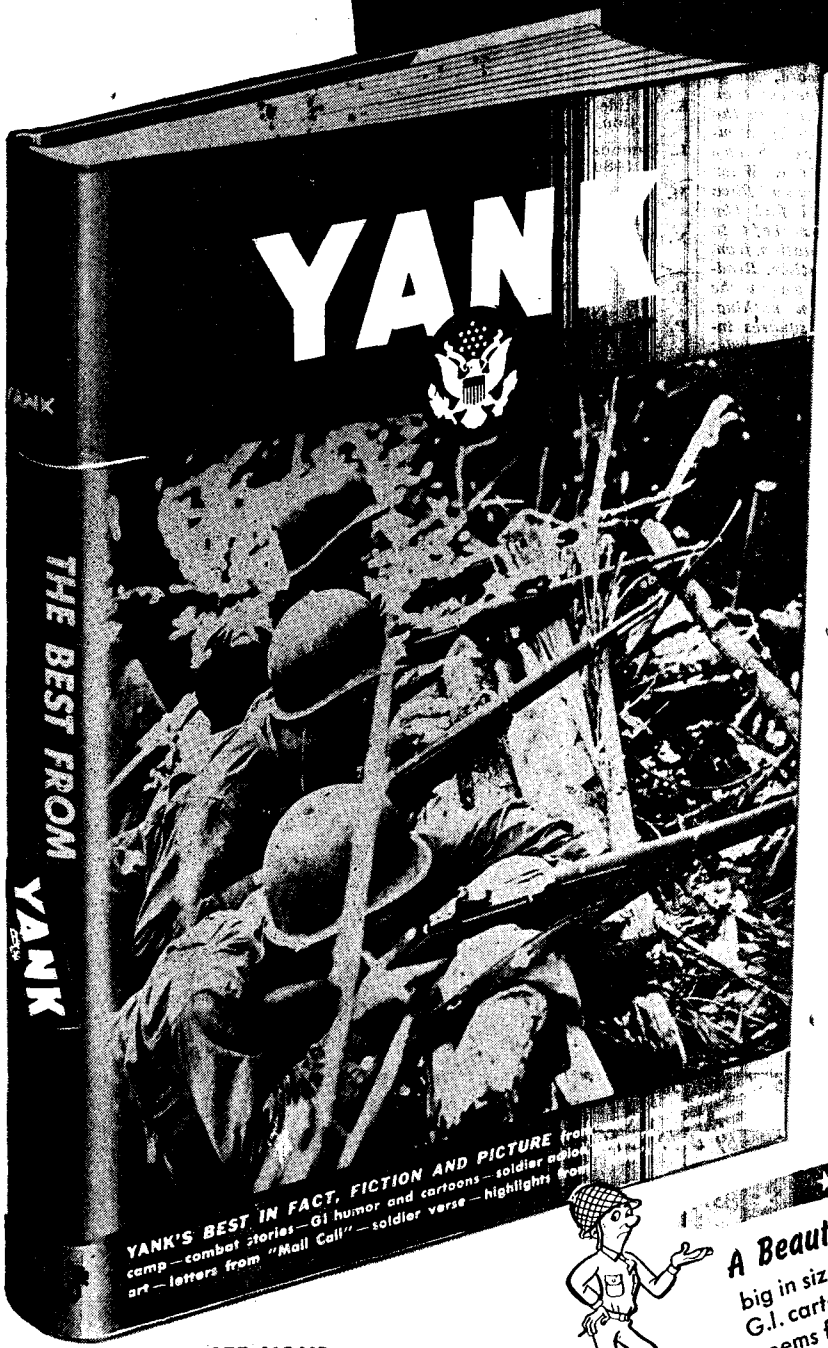

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